M1292.
(1)

The LINCOLN Story-Calendar

1910

Franklin Printing Company
Publishers
Philadelphia

The Publishers' Announcement

THE LINCOLN STORY-CALENDAR for 1909, the first story-calendar and the first biographical calendar ever published, met with such a prompt and appreciative welcome that we are more than justified in issuing another and wholly new "Lincoln Story-Calendar" for the year 1910, a part of which is included in the Lincoln Centennial Year.

Abraham Lincoln was so "many sided" and "myriad minded" that the materials for a hundred years, yes, a millennium of story-calendars, could be found and yet not ring all the changes on his unique career. Of course, there are the chief events of his life, his birth in Kentucky, his removals to Indiana and Illinois, the death of his mother, his wonderful campaigns and their numerous stories, his marriage, his election to Congress, his great debates with Douglas, the "Rail-splitter" campaign resulting in his election to the presidency, his two inaugurals, the Emancipation Proclamation, the Gettysburg Address, his gladness when the cruel war was over, and finally, his assassination—all these would have to be described every time from a new point of view, and a different story could be told, for thousands of people have associated with and have given their impressions of and experiences with Abraham Lincoln. His story is told by the fireside in many lands and languages, like the stories of Moses and of Joseph. The Bible narratives are necessarily told in the same way, but the story of Abraham Lincoln has been repeated in many ways, by "many men of many mind." The author of "The Lincoln Story-Calendar," a Lincoln story-biography, allows Abraham Lincoln and his best friends and biographers, and even his greatest enemies, to tell the wonderful story of his life. His book, built on this plan, "The Story-Life of Lincoln," is not only the most popular of the many splendid Lincoln lives, but it is already recognized as the highest and best authority on Lincoln. His "Heart of Abraham Lincoln," "The Little Life of Lincoln" and "Why Lincoln Loved the South" have all been drawn from and combined to make "The Lincoln Story-Calendar" show forth the life and love of the Great Emancipator, and make the real Abraham Lincoln the most welcome guest in many thousands of homes throughout the year 1910, accompanied by the best wishes of

Franklin Printing Company

Publishers **Philadelphia**

Copyright, 1909, by Wayne Whipple

The True Lincoln Stories and the Master Story-Teller's Own Reasons for Them

THERE is nothing else in life or literature like the Lincoln story. There are many collections of so-called stories and "yarns" attributed to Abraham Lincoln. He once said of these that only about one in six attributed to him had ever been told by himself. This ratio has diminished, doubtless, since his death. The true Lincoln story is that which illustrates, illuminates or enforces a truth. His stories, torn from their surroundings, lose their point, their peculiar Lincoln tang, their sparkle, their very life. Lincoln's anecdotes shed gleams of light on many dark subjects. The best of them are those which throw light upon himself and his own quaint and original personality. That is the object of "The Lincoln Story-Calendar." Lincoln's early life is herein given in narrative form with an occasional illustration by the master story-teller himself. His later and more public career is illumined by flashes and gleams of Lincoln's wit and humor. It is interesting to note President Lincoln's own reasons for telling his many stories, as he stated them to Col. Silas W. Burt, late one night in the summer of '63, as given in "The Century Magazine" for February, 1907. Colonel Burt relates that one of the party then interviewing the President, at the Soldiers' Home, carelessly said:

"'Mr. President, tell us one of your good stories.'

"The President drew himself up and with great dignity addressed us, saying: 'I believe I have the popular reputation of being a story-teller, but I do not deserve the name in its general sense; for it is not the story itself, but its purpose, or effect, that interests me. I often avoid a long and useless discussion by others, or a laborious explanation on my own part, by a story that illustrates my point of view. So, too, the sharpness of a refusal or the edge of a rebuke may be blunted by an appropriate story, so as to save the wounded feeling and yet serve the purpose. No, I am not simply a story-teller, but story-telling, as an emollient, saves me much friction and distress.'"

Maynard Shipley

SIGNING THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION, NEW YEAR'S DAY

ON the first day of January, 1863, Abraham Lincoln issued the Emancipation Proclamation, which ranks with the Magna Charta of the English barons and the simple and devout "Compact" signed by the Pilgrim Fathers in the cabin of the "Mayflower," as one of the greatest documents of freedom in all history.

During the long, disastrous, distressing summer of '62 President Lincoln had devoted many secret hours to putting this immortal paper into the right form. He had been nagged and badgered by abolitionists and others who went away from his presence saying he was entirely too slow and timid to free the slaves. While his heart yearned to liberate the negro his head held him back. From his height he could view, as no one else could see, that the hour for emancipation had not yet struck.

One day a new committee called to urge him to make an official declaration of freedom for the blacks of the South. He replied with a sad smile, which they thought hopeless, that if he declared the negroes free, now, while the Federal armies were being defeated in battle after battle, "it would be like the pope's bull against the comet."

About the middle of September, 1862, when he really had the document written and was only waiting for the right psychological moment to announce it, a group of ministers from Chicago waited upon him to urge him to do something short, sharp and decisive for the negro. He dared not let them know how much his own sentiments accorded with theirs, so he saw them leave the audience, murmuring and dissatisfied. But one of them, unable to give up, returned with this final appeal:

"Sir," said he, "a message has come from our divine Master commanding you, through me, to open the door of bondage that the slave may go free!"

The beleaguered President, with a ghastly smile, instantly replied:

"I have studied this question by night and by day, for weeks and for months. Isn't it rather odd that the only channel your divine Master could send such a message by is the roundabout route by way of that awful, wicked city of Chicago?"

Those ministers must have been astounded, a few days later, to see the announcement that the President had issued his Emancipation Proclamation on September 22, 1862, to go into effect one hundred days later, which happened to be the first day of January, 1863.

When the President came in from the popular New Year's Day reception, he sat down to sign the great document, but he found his hand was lame and his fingers too unsteady to write. Looking up at Mr. Seward, the Secretary of State, who had just laid the paper before him, he said:

"I have been shaking hands since nine o'clock this morning and my right arm is almost paralyzed. If my name ever goes into history it will be for this act and my whole soul is in it. If my hand trembles when I sign the Proclamation, all who examine the document hereafter will say, 'He hesitated.'"

He then turned and deliberately wrote the signature with which the world is now familiar and of which this is a reduced facsimile:

Abraham Lincoln

1910 **JANUARY** **1910**

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
-	-	-	-	-	-	1

LINCOLN'S GRANDFATHER

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, grandfather to the President, was a young man of considerable wealth for his time. A lover of adventure, he went from Virginia to Kentucky during the dangerous days of Daniel Boone, who was a distant relative, both Lincoln and Boone being of Quaker descent. After Lincoln had taken a large tract of land and built a cabin on it, he went back to Virginia and brought his wife and three sons, Mordecai, Josiah and Thomas, with him to the wilds of Kentucky.

While working with his sons in the clearing, not far from his log house, the father was shot by one of a band of Indians hidden in the edge of the forest. The two older boys ran in different directions, Mordecai into the cabin for a gun, and Josiah to the stockade, not far away, for assistance. Little Thomas, the youngest, a boy of six, was left beside his father's body. A huge Indian stole out of the woods and was just bending over to seize the little boy when, with a sudden cry, he threw up his hands and fell dead beside the white man he had just killed. It was Mordecai's unerring aim, shooting between the logs of the cabin.

Thus released, the little boy, with the instinct of a wild creature, ran toward the house and was met and rescued before the other Indians could follow him. Mordecai held the savages at bay until Josiah arrived with help from the fort, and little Thomas Lincoln was spared to grow to manhood and become the father of the sixteenth President of the United States.

He threw up his hands and fell dead beside the white man

1910 **JANUARY** 1910

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
2	3	4	5	6	7	8

UNCLE MORDECAI

MORDECAI LINCOLN never forgave the red man for the murder of his father. He is said to have become "an inveterate Indian stalker," and seems to have cared little whether the savage who came within the range of his rifle was friend or foe. He went on the assumption that "the only good Indian is a dead Indian." Being his father's eldest son he inherited all the property left in the family, as the English custom of primogeniture prevailed in Virginia and Kentucky at that time. It is quite likely that Grandfather Abraham's property was in bad shape for any one to inherit at the time of his sudden death. Mordecai Lincoln became sheriff of Washington County, Kentucky, was a member of the State legislature and was a good and influential citizen in that rough, wild country. He was an honest man and, in spite of his deadly disposition toward the Indian, was said to be as tender-hearted as a woman.

It is highly interesting to quote what an old friend was fond of telling about Mordecai Lincoln, the President's uncle:

"He was, naturally, a man of considerable genius and great drollery. It would almost make you laugh to look at him. I never saw but one other man whose quiet, droll look excited in me the same disposition to laugh, and that was Artemus Ward. Mordecai was quite a story-teller, and in this Abe resembled his 'Uncle Mord,' as we called him. Abe Lincoln had a very high opinion of his uncle, and on one occasion remarked: 'I have often said that Uncle Mord had run off with all the talents of the family.' "

"An inveterate Indian Stalker"

1910 JANUARY 1910

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
9	10	11	12	13	14	15

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S FATHER AND MOTHER

THOMAS LINCOLN moved about with his mother from one country place in Kentucky to another. He was brought up a "wandering laboring boy," with no chance to get an education or any property. He was not enterprising or industrious, as his son proved to be. He hired out as a farm hand and managed to learn the trade of a carpenter and cabinetmaker. He was an honest, good-natured man, often imposed upon, but he became, when aroused, a "formidable adversary." "He was above the medium height, with a powerful frame, and had a wide local reputation as a wrestler."

He lived and learned his trade with a man named Berry, the guardian of an orphaned niece, Nancy Hanks. "Nancy was above the ordinary height, weighed about one hundred and thirty pounds, was slenderly built and had much the appearance of one inclined to consumption. Her skin was dark; hair dark brown; eyes gray and small; forehead prominent; face sharp and angular, with a marked expression of melancholy which fixed itself in the memory of every one who ever knew her. Though her life was seemingly beclouded by a spirit of sadness, she was in disposition amiable and generally cheerful."

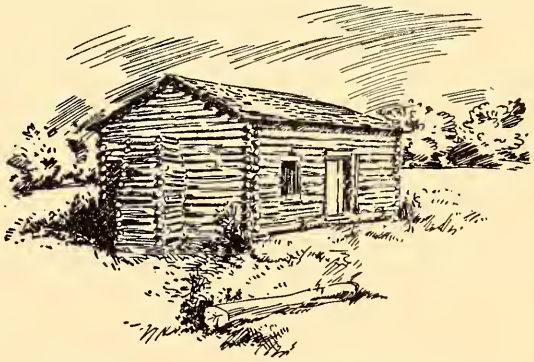
Nancy was in her twenty-third year when she was married to Thomas Lincoln, June 12, 1806, by Jesse Head, a neighboring local preacher of the Methodist Church.

Dennis Hanks, a cousin of Nancy's, who afterwards became a member of Thomas Lincoln's family, once told of the early married life of Thomas and Nancy Lincoln, at Elizabethtown, Kentucky:

"When Nancy married Tom he was workin' in a carpenter shop. It wasn't Tom's fault he couldn't make a livin' by his trade. Thar was sca'cely any money in that kentry. Every man had to do his own tinkerin', an' keep everlastin'ly at it to get enough to eat. So Tom tuk up some land. It was mighty ornery land, but it was the best Tom could git when he hadn't much to trade for it. . . .

"Tom thought a heap o' Nancy, an' he was as good to her as he knowed how. He didn't drink or swear or play cyards or fight, an' them was drinkin', cussin', quarrelsome days. Tom was popylar, an' he could lick a bully if he had to. He just couldn't git ahead, somehow."

Thomas and Nancy Lincoln removed from Elizabethtown, after the birth of their first child, Sarah, to Rock Spring Farm on Nolen Creek near Hodgensville, Kentucky. Here Abraham Lincoln was born in the little log cabin, which illustrations have made familiar, on the twelfth day of February, 1809.



The little log cabin which illustrations have made familiar

1910 **JANUARY** 1910

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

LIFE ON KNOB CREEK

ANCY'S boy baby" grew up in the cabin at Nolen Creek, learning to walk, playing with flowers and berries down by "the spring," watching birds and rabbits, like any other backwoods baby. When he was four years old he must have been happy when his father, mother and sister removed with him to Knob Creek, a dozen miles distant, where the father thought the land might be a little better for farming. Evidently Thomas Lincoln was tired of carpenter work, or he could get very little of it to do around Nolen Creek.

At Knob Creek little Abe went with his sister to school to Zechariah Riney, and played with a boy named Austin Gollaher, who lived to be a very old man and loved to tell of saving the little Lincoln boy from drowning in the creek. In this humble home a baby brother was born and lived out his little life. Here the mother told the brother and sister stories from the Bible and talked to them about being good and living right, for both parents were religious in their rude, simple way. Nancy Hanks could read, and in the evening, after the work was all done, she used to instruct and entertain them from the very few books the family possessed. In order to prolong these hours of pleasure, little Abe, small as he was, would go out and cut spice-wood bushes to make a bright fire and a "sweet savor" for them all to enjoy together.

The boy was sometimes sent to mill, and sometimes he helped his father by dropping corn and doing a boy's work about the little farm. That he went fishing occasionally is shown by the little story he once told when asked what he remembered of the War of 1812:

"Nothing but this," he replied. "I had been fishing one day and caught a little fish which I was taking home. I met a soldier on the road and, having been always told at home that we must be good to the soldiers, I gave him my fish."

Lincoln once stated that his father disapproved of slavery in Kentucky and that was one reason for the family's removing from that State when the boy was seven years old. One of the last things the mother did was to take Sarah and little Abe to visit their baby brother's grave, before emigrating to the still wilder country of Indiana Territory, which was admitted as a State that year, 1816.

"I gave him my fish"

1910 **JANUARY** 1910

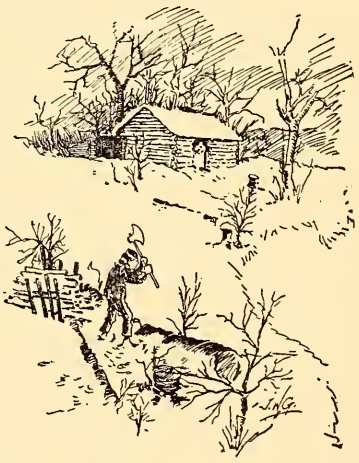
SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

IN CAMP AND CABIN

THOMAS LINCOLN built a flatboat and started on ahead of his little family to reconnoiter. He found a place which he thought suited their purpose on Prairie Fork of Pigeon Creek, in Spencer County, Indiana. Then he went back, where a rough trail had been blazed, and, in due time reached the old home in Kentucky, a journey of about one hundred miles. Loading his family and the few effects he had left in Kentucky on two horses, Thomas and his family "packed through to Posey's," a place on the Ohio, near Troy, in Perry County, Indiana, where he had left the furniture and other property on his first trip. Here they hired a wagon, loaded it and went on their way toward Pigeon Creek, camping and cooking at night. It was slow traveling, for the father had often to clear a road for the team with an ax.

When they arrived at Prairie Fork they had to camp out while building a hut to live in. Thomas Lincoln put an ax into the hands of little Abe, who then began unconsciously to hew his way to the presidency. They first built a half-faced camp or shed made of poles, enclosed on three sides only, like a horse-shed. Under this poor shelter they lived a year, when Thomas, with the help of his seven-year-old son, had succeeded in erecting a one-room log cabin about fourteen feet square, no more commodious or comfortable than the poor hovels they had left behind them in Kentucky. Although Thomas Lincoln was a carpenter and cabinetmaker his cabin had neither door nor window. Of course he had much to do in clearing land and hunting the game on which the family subsisted. In these days, when hunting seemed such a necessity, Abraham Lincoln did not like gunning. He was too tender-hearted to kill even legitimate game. In the odd little autobiography he wrote for a friend, many years after this, Mr. Lincoln wrote of himself in the third person:

"A few days before the completion of his eighth year, in the absence of his father, a flock of wild turkeys approached the new log cabin; and Abraham, with a rifle gun, standing inside, shot through a crack and killed one of them. He has never since pulled the trigger on any larger game."



He then began to hew his way to the presidency

1910 JANUARY—FEBRUARY 1910

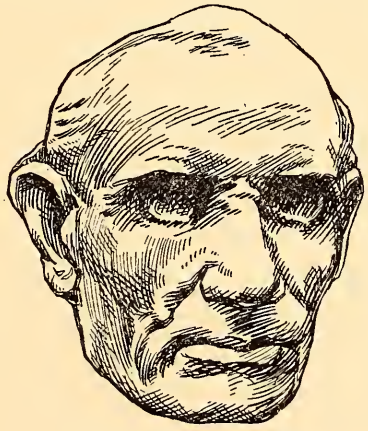
SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT
30	31	1	2	3	4	5

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

ON THE LIFE-MASK OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Richard Watson Gilder

THIS bronze doth keep the very form and mold
Of our great martyr's face. Yes, this is he;
That brow of wisdom, all benignity;
That human, humorous mouth; those cheeks that hold
Like some harsh landscape all the summer's gold;
That spirit fit for sorrow, as the sea
For storms to beat on; the lone agony
Those silent, patient lips too well foretold.
Yes, this is he who ruled a world of men
As might some prophet of the elder day
Brooding above the tempest and the fray
With deep-eyed thought and more than mortal ken.
A power was his beyond the touch of art
Or armèd strength—his pure and mighty heart.



From Volk's Life-Mask

1910 **FEBRUARY** 1910

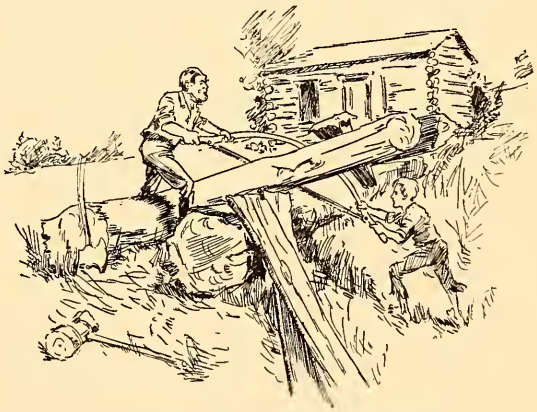
SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
6	7	8	9	10	11	12

THE PASSING OF THE "ANGEL MOTHER"

AFTER the Lincoln family had moved from the shed of poles into the house of logs, Thomas and Betsy Sparrow, relatives of the Hanks family, came over from Kentucky and lived in the camp, intending to build themselves a cabin. This was in 1818; the Lincolns had then lived in Indiana two years, and were yet without a comfortable home, even as hardy pioneers counted comforts. During the autumn of that year three of the two families were seized with a terrible, malignant disease, which attacked the cattle also, and was called "the milk-sick." Thomas and Betsy Sparrow died first and little Abe helped make their rude coffins, for which his father cut the lumber out of surrounding trees with his whipsaw. While they were doing this the poor wife and mother was taken worse. There was no doctor within thirty-five miles. Nancy Hanks Lincoln had suffered too much from privation, exposure and other hardships to survive such an attack. Realizing that she had not long to live, she talked long and earnestly with Sarah and little Abe. They did everything they could for their darling mother, but she had not strength enough to rally. Feeling that the end was near she beckoned her children, who knelt by her bedside. Laying her thin white hands on their heads, she told them to be good to each other, take care of their father, and live so that they could meet her in heaven, and she, who "gave us Lincoln and never knew," passed out of her hard life.

The heart-broken little family buried the wife and mother, on a knoll in the edge of the clearing, beside the new-made graves of her cousins Thomas and Betsy, whose deaths deprived the orphaned Dennis Hanks of his foster parents also. The Lincolns took the forlorn lad, several years older than Abe, into their own motherless family. Dennis thus became Abe's almost constant companion and it is from his memories that we have learned the little we know about Abraham Lincoln's boyhood.

It was nearly a year before the funeral of Nancy Lincoln could be held. It has been said that the first letter Abraham ever wrote was to good old Parson Elkin, back in their "old Kentucky home," to ask him to visit them next time he came within fifty miles of Prairie Fork and preach his mother's funeral sermon. This the good preacher did during the following summer. Abe always blessed the memory of his "angel mother," as he had learned, while a little boy, to call his own mother.



Abe helped make their rude coffins

1910 **FEBRUARY** 1910

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
13	14	15	16	17	18	19

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

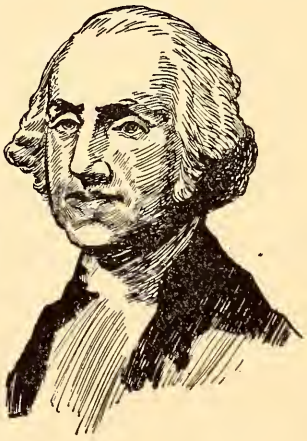
THE PERPETUATION OF OUR POLITICAL INSTITUTIONS

THE closing words of an address delivered January 27th, 1837, by Lincoln before the Young Men's Lyceum, a debating society he was instrumental in organizing shortly after he went to live in Springfield, Illinois. This was his first address, delivered at the age of twenty-five. It was in the involved style he at first affected and contains no hint of his Inaugurals or the simple grandeur of the Gettysburg Address.

"Another reason which once was, but which, to the same extent, is now no more, has done much in maintaining our institutions thus far. I mean the powerful influence which the interesting scenes of the Revolution had upon the passions of the people as distinguished from their judgment. By this influence, the jealousy, envy, and avarice incident to our nature . . . were for the time in a great measure smothered and rendered inactive, while the deep-rooted principles of hate, and the powerful motive of revenge, instead of being turned against each other, were directed exclusively against the British nation. . . . But this state of feeling must fade, is fading, has faded with the circumstances that produced it.

"I do not mean to say that the scenes of the Revolution are now or ever will be entirely forgotten, but that, like everything else, they must fade upon the memory of the world, and grow more and more dim by the lapse of time. . . . At the close of that struggle nearly every adult male had been a participator in some of its scenes. The consequence was that of those scenes, in the form of a husband, a father, a son, or a brother, a living history was to be found in every family —a history . . . in the limbs mangled, in the scars of wounds received in the midst of the very scenes related—a history, too, that could be read and understood alike by all, the wise and the ignorant, the learned and the unlearned. But those histories are gone. . . .

"They were pillars of the temple of liberty; and now that they have crumbled away that temple must fall unless we, their descendants, supply their places with other pillars hewn from the solid quarry of sober reason. Passion has helped us, but can do so no more. It will in future be our enemy. Reason —cold, calculating, unimpassioned reason— must furnish all the materials for our future support and defense. Let those materials be molded into general intelligence, sound morality, and, in particular, a reverence for the Constitution and laws; and that we improved to the last, that we remained free to the last, that we revered his name to the last, that during his long sleep we permitted no hostile foot to pass over or desecrate his resting place, shall be the that which to learn the last trump shall awaken our WASHINGTON.



"Upon these let the proud fabric of freedom rest, as the rock of its basis; and as truly as has been said of the only greater institution, 'the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.'"

1910 **FEBRUARY** 1910

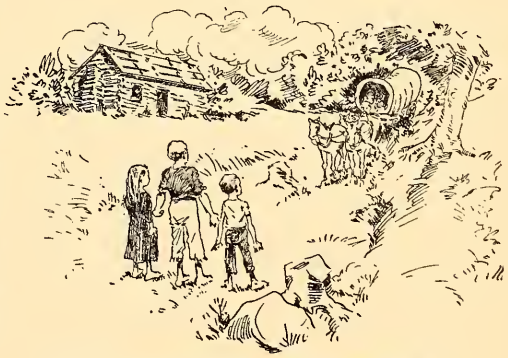
SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT A MOTHER?

POOR Tom Lincoln missed his wife as much as a less shiftless man could. Sarah and Abe, assisted by Dennis, did all that children could do for the forlorn man, but he went about aloof and disconsolate. He stayed away on longer hunts than usual, as though loath to hang around the cabin. He might have laid the floor, hung the door and put oiled paper in the one window-opening to keep out the winter's cold, but he seemed not to care. The children, accustomed to such neglect, went about their daily work and play. Dennis Hanks has told of little Abe's hunger, even then, to read and write. He tells of teaching Abe to write his name in the salt of the deer "lick" near by with a stick. Dennis had made him pens of turkey-buzzard "quills," and decocted him some briar-root ink, so the boy had learned to write.

One day the lonesome father told the children he was going to visit his former home in "Kaintuck." After he had been gone several weeks, they were surprised to see him drive up before the cabin with a four-horse team. They could hardly believe their eyes, he looked so spruce and alert. They could hardly believe their ears, either, when the brisk, happy acting man introduced them to the kind, motherly looking woman riding with him, as their new mother. He had heard that Sarah Bush, whom he had known in youth, was now a widow. She had married Jailer Johnston, of Elizabethtown. He had gone back and proposed to her, married her next day, and brought her away at once with her three children and household effects. The furniture was marvellous in the eyes of the Indiana children, for one piece was a "bureau worth forty dollars."

The advent of Sarah Bush Lincoln brought new life and cheer into that neglected household. She induced even indolent Thomas Lincoln to exercise his ingenuity as a carpenter by laying the floor and filling the door and window spaces as they should have been two years before. She hung up curtains of deerskin, laid rugs of bearskin, and made the house cheery and comfortable. And the poor, motherless children were washed, combed, clothed; she made them, as she once said, "look a little more human."



They could hardly believe themselves

1910 **FEBRUARY—MARCH** 1910

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
27	28	1	2	3	4	5

"ABE WAS A 'MOTHER'S BOY'"

IT required a woman of more than ordinary tact to bring up children born to three different pairs of parents to live together in unity. But Dennis Hanks testifies to the fact that the Lincolns' second mother did that with rare success. She had three children of her own, named Sarah, Matilda and John Johnson. Because of another Sarah in the family, Sarah Lincoln's name was changed to Nancy, for her dead mother. Then, besides Abraham, there was the Lincolns' cousin Dennis, making six children for that mother-hearted stepmother to reconcile and rear to man's and woman's estate.

Sarah Bush Lincoln was not long in discovering that "Abe was no common boy." Abraham, on his part, received his new mother with respect and appreciation. A bond of sympathy soon brought them closer to each other. Thomas Lincoln couldn't see any sense in Abe's reading all the time. He thought that was only an aggravated form of laziness. Besides, he had no use for "eddication." It took all his second wife's diplomacy and tact to keep him from preventing the boy from reading and study altogether. Mrs. Lincoln even induced the father to let Abe go to school now and then. For these intercessions Abraham Lincoln never ceased to be grateful to her. He always spoke of her as his mother, and most of the fervent praise he bestowed on his mother's memory was meant for his good stepmother.

Dennis Hanks, in after years, described Abraham's life in the home, and his devotion to both mothers. (It should be borne in mind that Nancy Hanks, Abraham's own mother, was Dennis's cousin.) Here is what Dennis told:

"We had plenty to eat—such as it was—corn dodgers, bacon and game, some fish and wild fruits. We had very little wheat flour. For clothing we had jeans. Abe was grown before he wore all-wool pants. It was a new country, and he was a raw boy; rather a bright and likely lad; but the big world seemed far ahead of him. We were all slow-goin' folks. But he had the stuff of greatness in him. He got his rare sense and sterling principles from both parents. But his kindliness, humor, love of humanity, hatred of slavery, all came from his mother. I am free to say Abe was a 'mother's boy.'"

Sarah Bush Lincoln
"A woman of more than ordinary tact"

1910 **MARCH** 1910

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
6	7	8	9	10	11	12

YOUNG ABRAHAM'S SCANTY SCHOOLING

SO when the father could not find a pretext for keeping Abe at home he was allowed to go to school. Part of the time he had to walk four and a half miles each way, but what of that? Nine miles a day in snowy or muddy winter weather was nothing to the joy of learning something —something his teacher, a wonderful man who knew everything, could tell him. Although Abraham never went to those poor schools a whole year in his life, all told, there are many stories about his school days. The schoolhouses were built of logs, of course, with floors of "puncheon" or split logs, and windows of oiled paper, if there was any substitute at all for glass. They "trapped" up and down and spelled down every week. Abe became so proficient in spelling that he was always chosen in the "spelling-bees," which formed the social dissipation indulged in, somewhat as dancing and "bridge" are in modern society. He so excelled in spelling that the side lucky enough to choose Abe Lincoln always "spelled down," and matters came to such a pass that they had to leave him out of their spelling matches. Then he made himself useful in giving out words for the others to spell, or acted as referee or umpire in cases of dispute, being the authority instead of "Webster," "Worcester" or the "Century," which are the court of last resort to-day.

They did have a book of authority, though. It was Webster's Speller. Webster's Dictionary existed only in the fond imagination of the indefatigable Noah Webster. That great work was not published until many years later.

"Nat" Grigsby, who afterwards married Abe's sister Sarah, or Nancy, as she was now called, once told of Abe's conduct at school in the following enthusiastic terms:

"He was always at school early and attended to his studies. He was always at the head of his class and passed us rapidly in his studies. He lost no time at home, and when he was not at his work was at his books. He kept up his studies on Sunday, and carried his books with him to work, so that he might read when he rested from labor."

They "trapped" up and down

1910		MARCH				1910
SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
13	14	15	16	17	18	19

"CRUELTY TO ANIMALS," "MANNERS," "THE RULE OF THREE," AND "DOGGEREL"

WHEN Abraham had been in school long enough to acquire a little confidence in himself and his ability to compose, Nat Grigsby further relates that he came forward with an awkward bow and a deprecating smile to read an essay on the wickedness of being cruel to helpless animals.

Aside from the common branches, including arithmetic to "The Rule of Three," as they used to call "Proportion," one teacher, Andrew Crawford, taught the school children "manners." Abe's schoolmaster used to laugh over the awkwardness of the tallest pupil, who measured nearly six feet at fourteen years of age. Some of them believed that he was clumsier than usual, on purpose, and was "laughing in his sleeve," short as it was, all the while.

Mrs. Sarah Lincoln told one of his biographers, long afterward, that Abe never owned an arithmetic, so he had to make a memorandum book himself, in which he wrote out some of his hardest "sums," the tables of measures, and other things, including school-boy rhymes such as:

Abraham Lincoln
his hand and pen.
he will be good but
God knows When

Abraham excited the greatest wonder among the neighbors because he could make rhymes—"write poetry," as they called it. Many verses are attributed to him about which there may be some doubt, like the following from a longer "poem" entitled "Adam and Eve's Wedding":

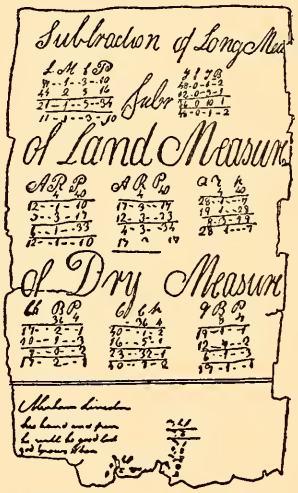
The woman was not taken from Adam's feet, we see,
So we must not abuse her, the meaning seems to be.
The woman was not taken from Adam's head, we know;
To show she must not rule him—'tis evidently so.
The woman she was taken from under Adam's arm,
So she must be protected from injuries and harm.

He wrote another so-called poem, beginning:

Time, what an empty vapor 'tis,
And days, how swift they are!

Abraham's penmanship also became the envy of the boys and, after he left school, the lads of the neighborhood used to bring their copy-books to him that he might "set copies" for them to imitate. One of these has been preserved many years because of its verification in the life of the writer of the original couplet-copy:

Good boys who to their books apply
Will all be great men by and by.



A leaf from Abe's exercise book

1910 **MARCH** 1910

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

WHAT HE DID AT HOME

ENNIS HANKS tells how Abraham spent his time at home:

Sometimes he would write with a piece of charcoal, or the p'int of a burnt stick, on the fence or floor. We sometimes got a little paper at the country town—(Gentryville, a mile and a half from Prairie Fork). His first reading book was Webster's Speller. Then he got hold of a book—I can't rikkilect the name. It told a yarn about a feller that sailed a flatboat up to a rock, and the rock was magnetized and drawed the nails out of his boat, and he got a duckin', or drownded or suthin', I forget now. (The books was "The Arabian Nights.") Abe would lay on the floor with a chair under his head and laugh over them stories by the hour. I told him they was likely lies from end to end; but he learned to read right well in them."

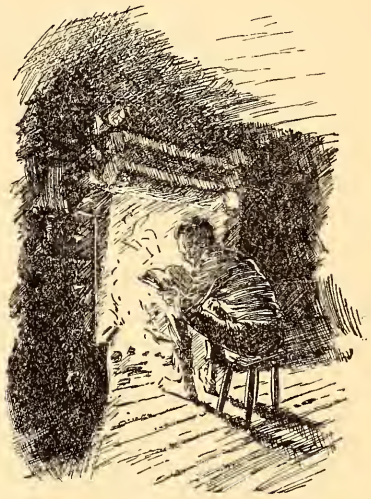
John Hanks, another cousin, relates: "When Abe and I returned to the house from work, he would go to the cupboard, snatch a piece of corn-bread, take a book, sit down, cock his legs up as high as his head, and read."

Abraham read all the books he could borrow within a circuit of fifty miles, and that was not very many. A book was a precious thing in the sight of young Abraham. He read some of them, including the Bible, over and over. He read the "Revised Statutes of Indiana," which he found at Constable Turnham's, as eagerly as boys to-day read "The Count of Monte Cristo" or the stories of Conan Doyle. At this time he read, some of them repeatedly, besides the Bible, "The Pilgrim's Progress," "Robinson Crusoe," "Æsop's Fables," a History of the United States, and Weems's "Life of Washington." In connection with the last-named book he had a queer experience which will be described in another story.

As candles were scarce and costly, Abraham read and studied by the firelight until far into the night. With a piece of charcoal he would cipher on a wide wooden shovel and erase his figures by shaving the shovel clean with his father's drawknife. Whenever he found anything in his voracious reading that he wished to preserve, he would write it on smooth board, on the under sides of chairs and shelves, and leave his odd notes there until he could supply himself with paper which he made into a rough kind of "commonplace book" and copied into it the data and quotations from their queer hiding places, high on the walls or under the benches and stools. He used to talk over what he had read, sometimes with his mother, sometimes with those of his companions who were interested.

His stepmother, not long before her death, referring to this time in the life of Abraham Lincoln, said:

I can say what scarcely one mother in a thousand can say: Abe never gave me a cross word or look, and never refused in fact or appearance to do anything I asked him. His mind and mine—what little I had—seemed to run together. I had a son John, who was raised with Abe. Both were good boys, but I must say, both being now dead, that Abe was the best boy I ever saw or expect to see.



He read and studied by the firelight until far into the night

---

1910 **MARCH—APRIL** **1910**

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
27	28	29	30	31	1	2

WORKING FOR THE CRAWFORDS

JOSIAH CRAWFORD was a well-to-do farmer in the neighborhood. He was not well liked by the neighbors, whose children called him "Old Blue-Nose" for an obvious reason. Abraham had an experience with him in connection with Weems's "Life of Washington." The boy had borrowed it and, after reading it as long as he could see, tucked it into a chink in the wall between two logs over his bed, to be at it again as soon as it was light enough in the morning. But a driving rainstorm came up in the night, wet the mud-mortar plastered in between the logs and muddy water ran over the book, almost ruining it. Abe was in sad straits. What could he say to "Old Blue-Nose," who was considered a hard master. He went to Mr. Crawford (who must not be confused with Andrew Crawford, the schoolmaster) and frankly confessed that the book was badly damaged, but he would do anything he could to make good the loss:

"All right, Abe, seein' as it's you, I'll let you pay for it," said Mr. Crawford. "That book's wuth seventy-five cents, if it's wuth a penny, and you can pull fodder for me three days at twenty-five cents a day for it."

Abraham was staggered by this cool proposition, but he had offered to do what he could. The book might have been worth that when new, but it was an old book when he borrowed it, and one day's work was all it was really worth. But the boy had pledged his word; "Old Blue-Nose" had caught at it and driven a hard bargain. So the lad pulled fodder three whole days and owned the damaged book himself. He said little about this experience, but on one occasion, he took his revenge by writing doggerel rhymes about the offending Mr. Crawford's nose.

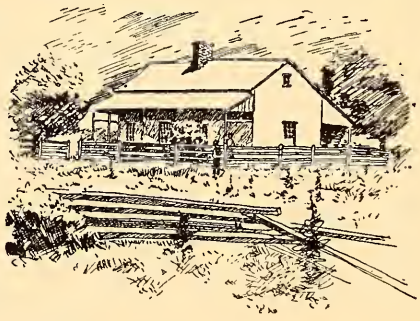
A little later, Abraham's sister went to live with the Crawfords as maid-of-all-work, and Mr. Crawford had use for her strong brother's services as hired man. Much as the lad disliked the man, there were several attractions for him in the Crawford household. Sarah (or Nancy) was proud of her big brother and Abe was very fond of his sister. Mrs. Crawford was as agreeable as her husband was disagreeable to him, and, besides, the Crawfords owned quite a number of books which Abe was yearning to read, but which, after the mishap to Weems's "Washington," he did not feel like asking to borrow. So young Lincoln did, as we all must sometimes, the very thing he would not have wished to do.

Mrs. Elizabeth Crawford, Josiah's wife, has related some of the best stories we know of Abraham Lincoln's boyhood. She says:

Abe was a sensitive lad, never coming where he was not wanted. He liked to hang about the house and talk with the "women folks." He was handy about the house, getting up early, starting the fire, putting on the kettle, and getting the breakfast going, before the rest were up. He would rock the baby or help his sister or his mistress in any way he could. Mrs. Crawford tells that "Abe was tender-hearted and kind, like his sister," and that he always lifted his poor old hat in saluting ladies. He was full of fun and always joking. The greatest joke of all was that he meant, one day, to be President.

"A pretty President you'd make, with all your nonsense, Abe Lincoln," said Mrs. Crawford.

"I'll get ready and the time will come," laughed the big boy, as he strode away as fast as his long legs would carry him.



The Home of the Crawfords

1910 **APRIL** **1910**

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
3	4	5	6	7	8	9

ABE'S AMUSEMENTS

IT has been told herein that Abraham was too tender-hearted to enjoy gunning, and how he shut himself out of the exciting part of the society spelling-bees—but there were many sports in which he was a jolly participant. He went swimming and fishing with the other boys of Pigeon Creek. There may have been a certain childish inconsistency in fishing—just as if fish "hadn't feelin's," like the ants and terrapin he had saved from cruelty at the hands of other boys! Yet, even then his young mind seemed to distinguish between wanton and cruel sport and legitimate fishing and hunting for food.

Then there was coon hunting—the rarest night sport of all country and backwoods youth. A story is told of the sad fate of a "trifling" little yellow dog Thomas Lincoln insisted on keeping around the house, to the annoyance of Abraham and his stepbrother, John Johnston, as it always barked and made a fuss, warning the household when the boys were trying to steal out, unnoticed, to go for an all-night escapade after coons. One night they caught the little cur and took it along in self-defense. After the party had killed a coon, one of them, in sportive vein, proposed that they sew the yellow nuisance up in the coon's skin. Of course, that was "just the thing to do," and the boys were not long in transforming the little beast into a queer "coon-dog." As soon as it was released, the dog started for home as fast as its little legs, hampered by the coon-pelt, would let it go. The boys laughed among themselves over the astonishment and disgust Thomas Lincoln would show when he got up to let in that strange-looking, whining whiffet. But that unhappy combination never reached home. Other coon-dogs, on the way, didn't understand the joke and made short work of the disguised dog in its own door yard. Mr. Lincoln used to tell of this boyish prank, to which he was doubtless a party, and once said of the after effect early next morning:

"Father was much incensed at his death, but as John and I, scantily protected from the morning wind, stood shivering in the doorway, we felt assured that little yellow Joe would never be able again to sound the alarm of another coon hunt."

Then, as he grew older, there were fox-chases and horse-races, husking-bees and house and barn-raisings, where his "horse sense," good nature, funny stories and great strength made him popular and a leader in the neighborhood. He was shy and awkward with women, but was always "hail, fellow, well met!" among men. When he "went to see the girls," he was always welcome, because of his wit and quaint humor; and he added greatly to the enjoyment of all—paring apples, cracking nuts and shelling corn. Then he always brought in the biggest backlog and made the brightest fire. They all agreed that Abe Lincoln would "get a smart wife" when the right time came.

The dog started for home

1910 **APRIL** 1910

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
10	11	12	13	14	15	16

LINCOLN'S FIRST LOVE STORY

ONCE President Lincoln, after sitting a long while with a pensive smile and a far-away look in his eyes, asked a friend:

"Did you ever write out a story in your mind? I did when I was a little codger. One day a wagon with a lady and two girls and a man broke down near us, and while they were fixing up, they cooked in our kitchen. The woman had books and read us stories, and they were the first of the kind I ever had heard. I took a great fancy to one of the girls; and when they were gone I thought of her a great deal, and one day when I was sitting out in the sun by the house, I wrote out a story in my mind. I thought I took my father's horse and followed the wagon, and finally I found it, and they were surprised to see me. I talked with the girl and persuaded her to elope with me; and that night I put her on my horse, and we started off across the prairie. After several hours we came to a camp; and when we rode up we found it was the one we had left a few hours before, and we went in.

"The next night we tried again, and the same thing happened—the horse came back to the same place; and then we concluded that we ought not to elope. I stayed until I had persuaded her father to give her to me. I always meant to write that story out and publish it, and I began once; but I concluded it was not much of a story.

"But I think that was the beginning of love with me."

"Sitting out in the sun by the house"

1910 APRIL 1910

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
17	18	19	20	21	22	23

LINCOLN'S MANUAL LABOR

THE lad was a valuable asset in his father's family because of his great physical strength and endurance, and his abounding good nature. From the time he was fourteen he worked out as a hired hand with the farmers around the Pigeon Creek settlement. He was willing and would "turn his hand to anything," from butchering hogs to rocking the baby. Once, when asked by a farmer if he could help butcher he replied:

"I'll try. If you'll risk the hog I'll risk myself."

In the haying and harvesting fields he could outmow and outcradle the other men, but he offset this by telling stories, making stump speeches, "taking off" anybody and everybody with the comic facility of a born mimic. The men all liked to have Abe working with them, for he was full of life and his funny stories relieved the tedium of the long work-day. But it annoyed his employers to see all the hay hands standing or lying around a stump in the middle of a meadow while "that Abe Lincoln" was spouting and performing. They complained to the lad's father, who used to reproach his tall son not only for wasting his own time, but for "hindering the help." Thomas Lincoln took and kept the boy's wages until he was twenty-one. These were not large, ranging from twenty-five to thirty cents a day.

The neighbors told tales of Abe Lincoln's feats which surpass belief, but each story was vouched for by many witnesses. Mr. Richardson, the neighbor for whom Lincoln had set the "Good boys who to their books apply" copy, stated that "Abe quietly picked up and walked away with a covered chicken-house, made of poles pinned together, that weighed at least six hundred, if not more." Another time he alone took up four timbers for a corncrib which four men were preparing to remove, shouldered and carried them to the place desired. Another neighbor said "Abe could strike a heavier blow with a maul and drive an ax deeper into the wood than any other man" he ever saw; and Dennis Hanks said that when Abe was heard chopping in the woods the trees fell so fast that one would think three men were chopping there.

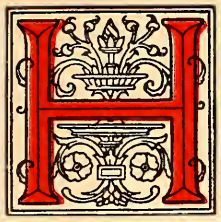
With all this Lincoln was called "lazy," because he "wasted so much time reading." Those farmers had limited ideas of work, and no one realized that jolly, joking Abraham Lincoln was the hardest worker of them all.

"That Abe Lincoln" was spouting and performing

1910 **APRIL** 1910

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

HIS KINDNESS OF HEART AND HIS FIRST DOLLAR



HIS great strength was not for use only in the fields and at "raisings." One cold night, coming home late from threshing, Abraham and some friends found the village sot frozen into a mudhole by the roadside. The young men did their best to rouse him, but without success.

"Come on, boys," said one, "he's feathered his own nest, let him lie in it. Let 'im alone," and the others went home and to bed. But the idea of leaving even a drunkard to die in the ditch seemed monstrous to Lincoln. He bent his great form and carried the dead weight of that great heavy man eighty yards to an empty hut, where he spent the rest of the night, building a fire and rubbing and nursing the man back to consciousness. The victim of this intemperate habit was afterwards a great admirer of Lincoln, and often told how Abe Lincoln had "toted" him to a warm fire that cold night and saved his life.

It was about this time (1825) that Abraham Lincoln acted as ferryman across the Ohio, in the employ of James Taylor, at the mouth of Anderson's Creek, where he worked nine months at six dollars a month. While he was a ferryman he had some time to read, and built himself a flatboat, for he had a great desire, at this time, to "follow the river." One day, as he told Secretary Seward nearly forty years afterward, he earned his first dollar. Here is the rest of the story in President Lincoln's own words:

A steamer was going down the river. We have, you know, no wharves on the western streams, and the custom was, if passengers were at any of the landings they had to go out in a boat, the steamer stopping and taking them on board. I was contemplating my new boat, and wondering whether I could make it stronger or improve it in any part, when two men with trunks came down to the shore in carriages, and looking at the different boats, singled out mine, and asked:

"Who owns this?"

I answered modestly, "I do."

"Will you," said one of them, "take us and our trunks out to the steamer?"

"Certainly," said I. I was very glad to have the chance of earning something for myself, and supposed that each of them would give me a couple of "bits." The trunks were put in my boat, the passengers seated themselves on them, and I sculled them out to the steamer. They got on board, and I lifted the trunks and put them on the deck. The steamer was about to put on steam again, when I called out:

"You have forgotten to pay me."

Each of them took from his pocket a silver half-dollar and threw it on the bottom of my boat. I could scarcely believe my eyes as I picked up the money. You may think it was a very little thing, and in these days it seems to me like a trifle, but it was a most important incident in my life. I could scarcely credit that I, a poor boy, had earned a dollar in less than a day; that by honest work I had earned a dollar. I was a more hopeful and thoughtful boy from that time.

Abe Lincoln "toted" him

1910 MAY 1910

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

HIS STEPSISTER AND HIS OWN SISTER

ONE morning Abe was going into the woods with an ax over his shoulder. His stepsister, Matilda Johnston, had seemed so "possessed" to follow him about that her mother had to forbid her even going part way with him to his work. But she stole after him without his noticing it. When they were some distance from the house she crept up slyly behind him, and, springing like a wildcat, landed on his back, pressing her knees between his shoulders. The astonished young man, taken off his guard, fell over backwards, and the falling ax cut the girl's ankle. The mischievous Matilda, seeing the blood flow freely, began to scream with fright and pain. Abe took a piece of cotton from his shirt-sleeve, made a bandage, and bound up the wound as well as he could. Then he addressed her, sternly:

"'Tilda, I am astonished. What do you mean by disobeying mother in this way?" The girl only wept. He continued: "What are you going to tell mother—about getting hurt?"

"Tell her I did it with the ax—and I did, didn't I?" blubbered Matilda.

"Yes," said Abe, "that's the truth, but not all the truth. Tell mother the whole story and leave the rest to her."

Matilda went limping home and told her mother "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," and the good woman felt so sorry for the penitent girl that she didn't even scold her. Abe had evidently done enough of that.

Abraham's own sister Sarah, or Nancy, as she was called after Sarah Johnston came into the family, was warmly attached to her tall brother. She had great faith in his mind and heart, even at that early day, taking the place, as older sister, of their own dead mother. She was greatly beloved by those who knew her. Mrs. Josiah Crawford's highest praise of Abe was that he was good, polite and kind hearted, "like his sister." She was married at eighteen to Aaron Grigsby, one of the older pupils at the school which the Lincoln children both attended. She died a year later, at the age of nineteen, in giving birth to a child. She was buried, not beside her mother, but with the Grigsbys, in the graveyard of the old Pigeon Creek meeting-house. Abraham was devoted to his only sister. It was her presence at the Crawfords that reconciled him to working for "Old Blue-Nose." The loss of his sister was the second great sorrow of Abraham Lincoln's life.

She crept up slyly behind him

1910 **MAY** 1910

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
8	9	10	11	12	13	14

"BOW-HAND ON A BROAD-HORN"

ABE had long since given up the idea of earning a living behind the counter of Jones's store, or any other that he knew of. He was under bonds to his father, but he made an attempt to obtain employment as a boat-hand on the river. His age was against him in his first effort, but his opportunity was coming to him. In the month of March, 1828, he hired himself to Mr. Gentry, the great man of Gentryville. His duties were to be mainly performed at Gentry's Landing, near Rockport, on the Ohio River. There was a great enterprise on foot, or rather in the water, at Gentry's Landing, for a flatboat belonging to the proprietor was loading with bacon and other produce for a trading trip down the Mississippi to New Orleans. She was to be under the command of young Allen Gentry, but would never return to the Ohio, for flatboats are built to go down with the stream and not for pulling against it.

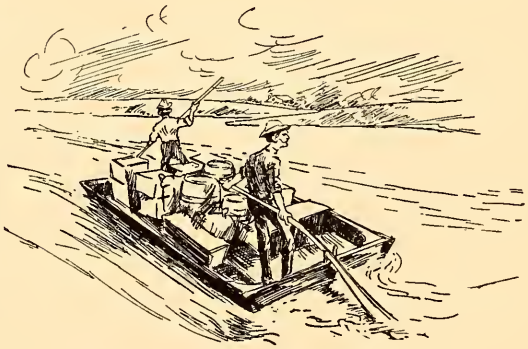
The flatboat was cast loose from her moorings in April, and swept away down the river, with Abraham Lincoln as manager of the forward oar. No such craft ever had a longer or stronger pair of arms pledged to keep her blunt nose well directed.

At the plantation of Madame Duchesne, six miles below Baton Rouge, the flatboat was moored for the night against the landing, and the keepers were sound asleep in their little kennel of a cabin. They slept until the sound of stealthy footsteps on the deck aroused Allen Gentry, and he sprang to his feet. There could be no doubt as to the cause of the disturbance. A gang of negroes had boarded the boat for plunder, and they would think lightly enough, now they were discovered, of knocking the two traders on the head and throwing them into the river.

"Bring the guns, Abe!" shouted Allen. "Shoot them!"

The intruders were not to be scared away by even so alarming an outcry; and in an instant more Abe was among them, not with a gun, but with a serviceable club. They fought well, and one of them gave their tall enemy a wound, the scar of which he carried with him to his grave; but his strength and agility were too much for them. He beat them all off the boat, not killing any one man, but convincing the entire party that they had boarded the wrong "broad-horn."

The trip lasted about three months, going and coming, and in June the two adventurers were at home again, well satisfied with their success.



Abraham Lincoln as manager of the forward oar

As related by W. O. Stoddard, the well-known author, and only surviving private secretary to President Lincoln.

1910 **MAY** **1910**

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
15	16	17	18	19	20	21

FROM INDIANA TO ILLINOIS

VERY soon after Abraham's return from New Orleans one of the family received a letter from John Hanks, setting forth the attractions of that part of Illinois, where he had located two years earlier, and advising them to sell out and emigrate thither. Thomas Lincoln had lived near Gentryville fourteen years, which was a long time for him to stay in one place. Dennis Hanks accounted for this removal, making himself out, as usual, the hero of his own story, as follows:

What made Thomas Lincoln leave? The reason is this. We were perplexed by a disease called "milk-sick." I myself being the oldest, I was determined to leave, and hunt a country where the milk-sick was not. I married his oldest (step) daughter. I sold out, and they concluded to go with me. I was tolerably popular at that time, for I had some money. My wife's mother (Sarah Bush Lincoln) could not think of parting with her daughter, and we ripped up stakes and started to Illinois, and landed at Decatur. This is the reason for leaving Indiana. I am to blame for it, if any. As for getting more land, this was not the case, for we could have entered ten thousand acres of the best land. When we left, it is was on account of the milk. I had four—good milch cows, too—with it, and eleven young calves. This was enough to ruin me. Besides, I liked to have lossed my own life with it. This was reason enough (ain't it?) for leaving.

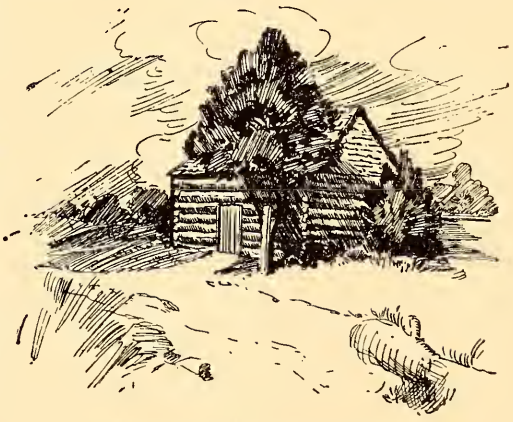
It was in the early spring of 1830, before winter had fairly broken up, that Thomas Lincoln and Abe, Dennis Hanks and Levi Hall, who was, like Dennis, a distant cousin, and had married one of Abe's stepsisters, —thirteen in all—took the road for Illinois. Thomas Lincoln had sold, or let his farm go on the mortgage, to Mr. Gentry, and sold his corn and hogs to Dave Turnham. The goods of the three families—Lincoln, Hanks and Hall—were loaded on a wagon belonging to Lincoln. It was drawn by four yoke of oxen, two yoke of Lincoln's and two of Hank's. Abe "held the gad" and drove the eight-ox team.

It was on this journey across muddy prairies and swollen streams that a little dog belonging to one of the party was left behind on the other side of an icy stream. Of this incident Abraham once said:

I could not endure the idea of abandoning even a dog. Pulling off shoes and socks, I waded across the stream and triumphantly returned with the shivering animal under my arm. His frantic leaps of joy and other evidences of a dog's gratitude amply repaid me for the exposure I had undergone.

John Hanks met the movers with a hearty welcome and logs enough ready for their cabin, which the six men of the party "raised" without outside help, since Abe counted for three men on such occasions. Nicolay and Hay have given the following account of young Lincoln's efforts to settle his old father and stepmother:

With the assistance of John Hanks he plowed fifteen acres, and split, from the tall walnut trees of the primeval forest, enough rails to surround them with a fence. Little did either dream, while engaged in this work, that the day would come when John Hanks, in a public meeting, with two of these rails on his shoulder, would electrify a State convention, and kindle throughout the country a contagious and passionate enthusiasm whose results would reach to endless generations.



The Lincolns' first home in Illinois

1910			MAY			1910
SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

MEMORIAL DAY

WOMAN IN THE WAR

A GREAT fair was holding in the Patent Office building just before the close of the War, for the benefit of the soldiers. President Lincoln was deeply interested visitor and was asked, while in attendance, if he would like to "say a few words of encouragement to the ladies." "Indeed he would," and when escorted to the platform he expressed his sentiments as follows, in the course of an offhand but memorable speech:

"In this extraordinary war, extraordinary developments have manifested themselves, such as have not been seen in former wars; and among these manifestations nothing has been more remarkable than these fairs for the relief of suffering soldiers and their families. And the chief agents in these fairs are the women of America.

"I am not accustomed to use the language of eulogy; I have never studied the art of paying compliments to women; but I must say that if all that has been said by orators and poets since the creation of the world, in praise of women, were applied to the women of America, it would not do them justice for their conduct during the war. I will close by saying:

"God bless the Women of America!"

A popular portrait of Lincoln—with a beard

1910		MAY—JUNE				1910
SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
29	30	31	1	2	3	4

A STORY OF THE REMOVAL, AND STARTING OUT FOR HIMSELF

ALTHOUGH Abraham had attained his majority before their removal to Illinois, he stayed by and did all the hard work getting his father and stepmother comfortably placed before starting out in life for himself. As his stepmother had a son of her own and two sons-in-law, he might well have excused himself, especially as his father had been harsh and hard with him, requiring all his earnings up to the very day he was twenty-one. Thomas Lincoln had always been more lenient with his stepchildren than with Abraham, for he never ceased to think his son's persistence in reading and study "jest pure laziness." In excuse for the father it may be said that, by being kind to his wife's children, he reciprocated the consideration ess she always showed his children.

Before leaving Indiana, Abraham bought a peddler's stock of small wares, paper, thread, needles, and so forth—about thirty dollars' worth, he afterwards said—and "doubled his money." He seems to have turned over that thirty dollars, though made after his twenty-first birthday, for, when he started out for himself, he had no money nor even a "freedom suit" of jeans, for the first thing he did then was to split rails for enough walnut-dyed jeans to make a suit of clothes for himself, at four hundred rails per yard! As "his body was long and lank and lean" it took thousands of rails to pay for the poor majority suit of homespun he so much needed.

Long years afterward, when his Cabinet was struggling with the question of the interference of Europe in the quarrel with the Southern States, President Lincoln related the following incident:

"Gentlemen," said he, addressing those seated around the Cabinet table, "the situation just now reminds me of a fix I got into some thirty years ago when I was peddling 'notions' on the way from Indiana to Illinois. I didn't have a large stock, but I charged large prices, and I made money. Perhaps you don't see what I'm driving at. . . . Just before we left Indiana we came across a small farmhouse full of children. These ranged in age from seventeen years to seventeen months, and all were in tears. The mother of the family was red-headed and red-faced, and the whip she held in her right hand led to the inference that she had been chastising her brood. The father of the family. a meek-looking, mild-mannered, tow-headed chap, was standing in the front door, to all appearances awaiting his turn. . . . I thought there wasn't much use in asking the head of that house if she wanted any 'notions.' She was too busy. . . . She saw me when I came up and, roughly pushing her husband aside, demanded my business.

"Nothing, ma'am," I answered as gently as possible. "I merely dropped in, as I came along, to see how things were going."

"Well, you needn't wait," she said in an irritated way; "there's trouble here, and lots of it, too, but I kin manage my own affairs without the help of outsiders. This is jest a family row, but I'll learn these brats their places ef I have to lick the hide off every one of 'em. I don't do much talkin', but I run this house, an' I don't want no one sneakin' round tryin' to find out how I do it, either."

"That's the case here with us," continued the President. "We must let the other nations know that we propose to settle our family row in our own way, and teach these brats (the seceding States) their places, and we don't want any other countries 'sneakin' round.' Now, Seward, write some diplomatic notes to that effect."

Splitting rails for his "freedom suit"

1910		JUNE				1910
SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
5	6	7	8	9	10	11

A STRANGE HERO SAVES THREE LIVES

THE dutiful and forgiving son hovered about, doing any odd work he could find in that neighborhood, in order to be near his father's family. In the fall they were all seized with fever and ague and felt as though they had made a poor exchange for the "milk-sick." Thomas Lincoln vowed that as soon as he was able he'd "git out o' thar!" He did move again, to Coles County, the following spring. Their first winter in Illinois was a terrible season, always referred to for many years as "the winter of the deep snow." It was bitterly cold also, and many of the people and cattle of that sparsely settled country either froze or starved to death.

Early in the spring of 1831, Abraham, John Hanks and John Johnston were engaged by a "merchant-adventurer," named Offutt, to build a boat to take corn, hogs and pork in barrels to sell in New Orleans. This was Lincoln's second trip to the Crescent City. On the way their flatboat caught on Rutledge's dam at New Salem, and the first sight the people of that village ever had of the young man who afterwards lived among them for six years was while he was making a new and ingenious device for getting the boat over the dam, and wading about "with his trousers rolled up five feet, more or less," while doing it. It was on this trip that he was said to have seen a beautiful octoroon girl sold in open market, and to have exclaimed about slavery: "If I ever get a chance at that thing I'll hit it hard!"

While building this flatboat Lincoln became very popular with the men living along the Sangamon river by telling his funny stories. It took a month to build the boat, so he told a great many, morning, noon and night. Before they launched the boat the spring freshet had raised the Sangamon till it overflowed the surrounding prairies and was "booming at a great rate." Two of the men got into the swift current in a "dugout" canoe and would have drowned but for Lincoln's wise and ready directions from the shore. They had just managed to climb into a tree when the "dugout" was torn away from them by the swift current. A young man tried to rescue them by floating out upon a log tied by a long rope to the bank, all under the management of Lincoln, but the venturesome youth only added himself to the number in the tree to be rescued by the newcomer's ingenuity and courage.

John Roll, one of the young men who worked with Lincoln, thus tells the close of the thrilling story in Miss Tarbell's "Life of Abraham Lincoln":

> The excitement on shore increased, and almost the whole population of the village gathered on the river bank. Lincoln had the log pulled up the stream, and, securing another piece of rope, called to the men in the tree to catch it if they could when he should reach the tree. He then straddled the log himself and gave the word to push out into the stream. When he dashed into the tree he threw the rope over the stump of a broken limb, and let it play until he broke the speed of the log, and gradually drew it back to the tree, holding it there until the three now nearly frozen men had climbed down and seated themselves astride. He then gave orders to the people on the shore to hold fast to the end of the rope which was tied to the log, and leaving his rope in the tree he turned the log adrift. The force of the current, acting against the taut rope, swung the log around against the bank and all 'on board' were saved.
>
> The excited people, who had watched the dangerous experiment with alternate hope and fear, now broke into cheers for Abe Lincoln, and praises for his brave act. This adventure made quite a hero of him along the Sangamon, and the people never tired of telling of the exploit.

"He threw the rope over"

1910			JUNE			1910
SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
12	13	14	15	16	17	18

HOW THE ARMSTRONGS BECAME LINCOLN'S FRIENDS AND HOW HE REPAID THEIR KINDNESS

ON his way back to Illinois Lincoln visited his father in the new home at Goosenest Prairie in Coles County, Illinois. While there the county champion, named Needham, challenged him to a wrestling match. Lincoln threw Needham twice, hurting the champion's body less than his pride.

"Lincoln," said he, "you have thrown me twice, but you can't whip me."

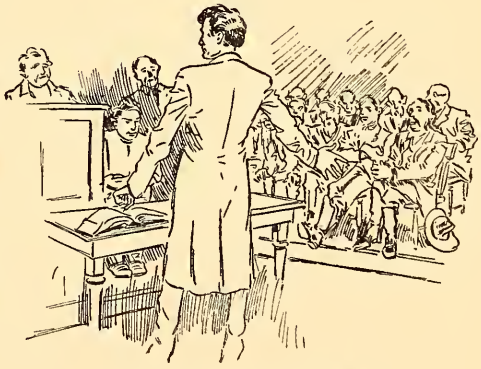
"Needham," said Abraham, "are you satisfied that I can throw you? If not, and if you still want to be convinced by means of a thrashing, I will do that, just to please you."

But Needham did not insist on further punishing, even for his own good!

When Lincoln returned to New Salem, where he was to open a country store for Offutt as soon as the purchased goods arrived, he hung about while waiting, telling stories and making himself useful. Once he helped the election clerk, Mentor Graham, the schoolmaster, who afterwards advised and aided him in studying grammar and surveying. When Offutt's stock finally arrived, Lincoln had already made a good many friends to his own and his employer's advantage. Offutt was loud in his praises of his wonderful salesman, and this brought down a challenge from a group of rowdies from Clary's Grove, a neighboring settlement.

Their chief bully, Armstrong, was put forward to meet the strange clerk. Lincoln hated above all things to get into a brawl, but Offutt's and his own honor appeared to be at stake. A ring was marked out, and the two seemed about evenly matched, until some of the lawless gang, outside the ring, tried to trip Lincoln up. Stung to wrath by this unfair act, the tall clerk "put forth his whole strength, and, holding the pride of Clary's Grove in his arms like a child, almost choked the exuberant life out of him." This insured him greater respect among those rude, simple folk than he could have gained in any other way. As for the Clary's Grove rowdies, they became Lincoln's staunch friends, and followed him as their leader about the country, when he went into politics, to see that no one imposed upon him.

Lincoln often stayed at Armstrong's when he was out of work, rocking the cradle of William and Hannah Armstrong's baby boy. This little fellow, when he grew up, was accused of murder, and Lincoln, then a lawyer, defended his case, winning a verdict of acquittal by a clever stroke. It was a celebrated and dramatic case. He drew the chief witness on to testify that he saw Armstrong strike the murderous blow, by moonlight, at a certain hour, then flashed upon the court an almanac showing that there was no moon at that hour. This discredited all the evidence against his client and young Armstrong was soon set free. Lawyer Lincoln would accept no pay for this great service from those who had been kind to him in New Salem.



At the Armstrong trial

1910 **JUNE** 1910

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

"HONEST ABE" LINCOLN

IT was while clerking for Offutt that Abraham Lincoln began to be called "Honest Abe." Many stories are told of his walking miles after shutting up the store at night, or early in the morning before opening it, to give a woman an ounce or two of tea, or a few pennies which he found to be her due.

Offutt soon failed and disappeared only to be heard of again as a horse trainer, when his former clerk had become famous. Then Lincoln worked at anything he could get to do till an opportunity offered for him to go into partnership with a young man named Berry, who drank himself to death, while Lincoln was reading a set of "Blackstone" he had found in a barrel of old rubbish. Lincoln tried to carry on the business with the incubus of a drunken partner. But, after all, the store "winked out," as its owner whimsically expressed it, leaving Lincoln with a lot of notes on his hands which he never should have paid, and which custom and public sentiment did not require him to pay. But he had agreed to take them up and the obligation, so large that he ruefully called it "The National Debt," burdened him for nearly twenty years before he had paid "the uttermost farthing" of principal and interest.

While he was storekeeping for himself he was appointed postmaster of New Salem. This office paid a very small salary, but the postmaster was allowed to read the newspapers before delivering them, which was a "perquisite" highly appreciated by the young postmaster, hungry for news and knowledge of the great world around him.

Surveying, also, was added to his labors. Being offered a chance to become deputy to the county surveyor, he procured a copy of Flint and Gibson, and, with the aid of Schoolmaster Graham, mastered the science of surveying in a few weeks. He laid out many of the towns of central Illinois, and in some villages all business closed in order that the delighted denizens could go out into the fields to help Surveyor Lincoln, in order to hear and laugh over his many quips and jokes and stories.

While Lincoln was acting as deputy surveyor a creditor, holding an old store note, seized his horse and surveying instruments and, as he could not then pay the notes, sold him out. A friend bought the necessaries in and returned them to their struggling owner.

After the young storekeeper, postmaster and surveyor had become a "starving attorney" in Springfield, and the New Salem post office and even the village had gone out of existence, an officer of the government came into the office and asked for the man who had once been postmaster of New Salem, as he had a claim against that office for seventeen dollars and some odd cents. The friends who overheard the inquiry were alarmed, for they knew of the poverty and hardships Lincoln had lately passed through.

But the poor young attorney went in silence to a corner of the office, pulled out his little old trunk from under the lounge on which he slept, took out a cotton rag, opened it and counted out the exact sum required by the government, paying it over to the official in the very coins he had received years before in New Salem, and saying briefly:

"I never use anybody's money but my own."

The very coins he had received

1910 **JUNE—JULY** 1910

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
26	27	28	29	30	1	2

INDEPENDENCE DAY

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S SPEECH TO THE SLAVES IN RICHMOND

ON the 4th of April, 1865, President Lincoln walked through the streets of Richmond, leading his son "Tad." He was escorted only by Admiral Porter and a few sailors who had rowed him from the steamboat a little way out in the James river. The leading white people had fled, leaving the Confederate capital occupied mostly by negroes. One of the oldest of these, working near the wharf when the President's little party landed, immediately recognized Abraham Lincoln's grand, homely face and prostrated himself at the President's feet, crying: "Bress de Lord, dere is de great Messiah! I knowed him as soon as I seed him." This outcry attracted others, and still others, until the President's way was blocked on all sides by slaves swarming around from all directions. At last the great Emancipator gave them the following announcement and fatherly advice:

"My poor friends, you are free—free as air. You can cast off the name of slave and trample upon it; it will come to you no more. Liberty is your birthright. God gave it to you as he gave it to others, and it is a sin that you have been deprived of it for so many years.

"But you must try to deserve this priceless boon. Let the world see that you merit it, and are able to maintain it by your good works. Don't let your joy carry you into excesses; learn the laws, and obey them. Obey God's commandments, and thank Him for giving you liberty, for to Him you owe all things. There, now, let me pass on; I have but little time to spare. I want to see the Capitol [of the Confederacy] and must return at once to Washington to secure to you that liberty which you seem to prize so highly."

In the streets of Richmond

1910			JULY			1910
SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
3	4	5	6	7	8	9

BEGINNINGS IN LAW AND POLITICS

AFTER finding a set of "Blackstone" in an old barrel he had bought of a traveler who did not care to keep it longer, Lincoln began to study law in the "university of adversity." As a boy he had enjoyed the "Revised Statutes of Indiana" when nothing better to read was at hand. At one time he had yearned to be a deckhand on the Ohio, and even thought seriously, at several points in his career, of learning the blacksmith's trade, but that "Blackstone" proved a "treasure trove" to him and exerted a providential influence upon his life. While in the Black Hawk War he met Major John T. Stuart, of Springfield, with whom he was afterward associated in the State Assembly. Stuart advised and aided Lincoln in his law studies, lending him books, and finally offering to take him into partnership as soon as he could be admitted to the bar.

Of course the popular and public spirited young law student took to politics "as a duck takes to water." He was diffident and disparaged his own qualifications, but his friends advised him to "go in and win." Schoolmaster Graham suggested that he would better study grammar, so he walked six miles, borrowed Kirkham's, and came back before breakfast, having learned his first lesson, *six miles long,* or all the way back. His first political speech was as follows:

> FELLOW-CITIZENS: I presume you all know who I am. I am humble Abraham Lincoln. I have been solicited by many of my friends to become a candidate for the Legislature. My politics are "short and sweet, like an old woman's dance." I am in favor of a national bank. I am in favor of the international improvement system, and a high protective tariff. These are my sentiments and political principles. If elected I will be thankful. If not, it will be all the same.

It was "all the same," for the Black Hawk War came up, and Lincoln's patriotism got the better of his self-interest, so he enlisted and was defeated by the Rev. Peter Cartwright, the backwoods Methodist preacher, by a small plurality. But he was elected two years later and was re-elected many times to the State Assembly, in which he became the leading spirit of "the Long Nine," who accomplished the removal of the State capital from Vandalia to Springfield.

One time the young lawyer from New Salem was invited to address a political meeting in Springfield. Mr. George Forquer, a wealthy and pompous resident of Springfield, who was said to have changed politics to get a fat land office, took it upon himself to humble the young upstart from the country. Lincoln had noticed a lightning-rod on Forquer's fine house, the first thing of the kind that had ever been seen there. So the young man from New Salem arose, a little pale, but with a smile and a significant glitter in his eye, and replied:

> "The gentleman commenced his speech by saying that this 'young man,' alluding to me, must be taken down. I am not so young in years as I am in the tricks and trades of a politician, but," said he, pointing to Forquer, "live long or die young, I would rather die now, than, like the gentleman, change my politics, and with the change receive an office worth three thousand dollars a year, and *then feel obliged to erect a lightning-rod over my house to protect a guilty conscience from an offended God.*"

Forquer's lightning-rod could not save his political future from being blasted by that thunderbolt.

His first lesson, six miles long

1910		JULY				1910
SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
10	11	12	13	14	15	16

A NEW STORY OF LINCOLN IN THE BLACK HAWK WAR

NOT long after Abraham came to live in New Salem the Black Hawk War broke out, in the spring of 1832. He was one of the first to enlist and was elected captain of the Sangamon company in preference to a former employer of his who had slighted and treated him meanly. Lincoln stated, after he was elected President, that his election to this captaincy gave him more real pleasure than any other honor he ever received. He held the respect and esteem of his company in spite of the fact that he was not well versed in the manual of arms and was once in disgrace, having his sword taken from him for having discharged firearms within limits. That Captain Lincoln should have been guilty of such an infraction of rules has puzzled several of his biographers and others. But the reason was given to the writer at Springfield, Illinois, during the Lincoln Centennial celebration, in February, 1909, by William T. Baker, popularly known as "Uncle Billy," of Bolivia, Illinois. Baker's father was a roadmaster in the Black Hawk War. The following is "Uncle Billy's" account:

My father was ordered to make a way for the men to cross a river, and he felled some black-walnut trees across, lopping off their branches on the far side of the stream. Most of the men had to cross on these logs, some of which were small and smooth, and some men fell into the water—among them Captain Lincoln. After they got across, the boys pitched their camp and went to sleep under their little dog-tents. After Lincoln had crawled under his—his head stuck out one side and his feet the other—he backed out and stood up, saying, "There! I forgot to clean out my pistol." He thought he had wet the powder when he fell into the water. It was a little bull-dog pistol with a barrel so short he could ram the charge in with one of his long fingers. Snapping the trigger, the pistol went off—to his great astonishment. It was against the rules, of course, to discharge any firearms then and there, so one of General Whitesides' orderlies came hurrying along, asking who had fired. No one answered, and father, pointing up the little rise, said: "It sounded as if 'twas on up that way." But the orderly soon came running back, and Lincoln didn't like to see the fellow taking so much trouble, so he kind o' laughed, and showed the pistol, and said: "I fired this thing off by accident," and explained just how it happened. He thought, of course, it was wet after he had fallen into the water with it. So he had to take a light sentence—have his sword taken away a day or so for his carelessness. I've heard Abe Lincoln and father and General Whitesides talk over old times in the Black Hawk War at our house, and I don't believe the real reason for his discharging firearms and being disgraced for it was ever published. At least, I never saw it in print anywhere.

"The pistol went off"

Lincoln did not see a battle all summer long. He kept some of his men from killing a harmless old Indian as a spy. When his company was disbanded he re-enlisted as a private. It is often stated that Major Jefferson Davis mustered Lincoln out at the close of that war, but that is an error. They never met. When Lincoln returned to New Salem it was August and almost election time. He found that he was defeated for the Assembly. He mentioned with pride, nearly thirty years afterward, that this was the only time he was ever defeated by direct vote of the people.

1910 JULY 1910

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
17	18	19	20	21	22	23

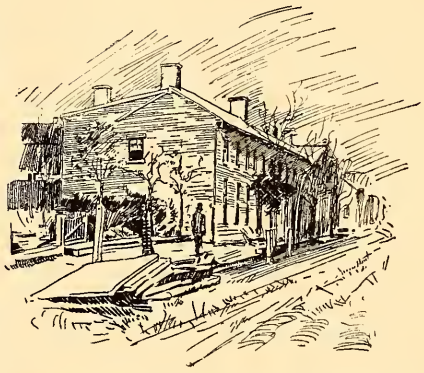
THREE AFFAIRS OF THE HEART

INCOLN once told a friend of the "beginning of love" with him. With all his love for people, for helpless creatures, and especially for the unfortunate, his love for women and his grief over their loss almost broke his great heart. Some of his biographers hint that he was more than half in love with Kate Robey, "the pretty girl of the settlement," whom he helped, by pantomime, in spelling the word defied. She married Allen Gentry, son of the leading man of the village—after he and Allen made their first trip to New Orleans.

While living in New Sale mhe fell in love with Ann, the beautiful daughter of James Rutledge, who owned the mill and kept the tavern where Lincoln boarded part of the time. Ann was engaged to a young man named McNamar who had gone east to take care of his dying father. Some time after McNamar ceased writing to her Ann plighted her troth to Abraham, but the anxiety and humiliation of her first love's neglect was too much for her sensitive, high-strung nature, and she died of brain fever, in August, 1835. Her distracted lover was unnerved by his passionate grief. It was while he was in a morbid, half-insane frame of mind that he learned to love William Knox's lengthy poem entitled: "O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

Then he threw himself with greater zest than ever into politics, and success seemed to crown his every effort. Some time after this a friend in New Salem, Mrs. Bennett Able, tried to "make a match" between him and her sister Mary Owens, a "bluegrass beauty" from Kentucky. Lincoln seemed to think he had committed himself to marry this young woman, if she had been led to expect him to, and wrote her to that effect, giving her a rather discouraging outlook upon the future of a poor young attorney in the State capital. She, as became a young lady of spirit and good sense, released him from his supposed obligation and refused him outright. In his first relief over this release he wrote an impulsive and indiscreet letter to a friend who was thoughtless or malicious enough to permit it to get into print, greatly to the annoyance and grief of Lincoln and his family.

The great and final affair of his heart was with a bright and witty young lady who came from Louisville, Kentucky, to live with her sister, the wife of Ninian W. Edwards, of Springfield, one of Lincoln's friends among "the Long Nine." This was Miss Mary Todd, a pretty cousin of his law-partner, John T. Stuart. She had from the first a great fascination for Abraham Lincoln, and they were soon betrothed. But "the course of true love never did run smooth." Lincoln was morbid and self-disparaging, and Miss Todd was high-strung and exacting, and the engagement was broken. Lincoln, in his distress and despair, visited his friend Speed, with whom he had lodged when he first came to Springfield, from Louisville, Kentucky, and tried to forget his over-mastering passion. But there was no other way but for their lives to be united. In his love and gallantry he fought—or was ready to fight—an absurd duel for her sake. Abraham Lincoln and Mary Todd were married in the beautiful home of Ninian W. Edwards, at Springfield, Illinois, on the 4th of November, 1842.



Globe Tavern, where the Lincolns first lived after their marriage

1910		JULY				1910
SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

HOW THE LITTLE WIFE'S AMBITION SENT HIM TO CONGRESS

RS. LINCOLN'S influence over her easy-going husband was soon observed. He had moved his goods and chattels from New Salem on a horse borrowed from Bowling Green, the bluff old Justice of the Peace before whom he had petti-fogged for practice, to Springfield, in March, 1837. The next month he was admitted to the Springfield bar. He roomed with his "friend in need" and "friend indeed," Joshua F. Speed, until he took the lounge and slept in Stuart & Lincoln's office. This office was over the courtroom. One night his friend Edwin D. Baker was speaking in the courtroom and said something which enraged the Webber brothers, newspaper men of Springfield. There was an uproar which caused Lincoln to raise the trap door, unnoticed below, and look down to see what was up. He took in the situation at a glance. They were trying to intimidate his friend. He swung himself down through the ceiling, landed beside Baker, seized the water-pitcher, and with a face blazing with indignation, he brandished it, demanding, above the clamor, that they allow the speaker the right to say what he pleased.

"For shame!" he cried. "Isn't this a free country and haven't we all a right to free speech? The first man that lays hands on this speaker I'll smash this pitcher over his head."

Quiet was quickly restored and Baker was permitted to proceed.

After four years of partnership with Stuart, Lincoln went in with Judge Stephen T. Logan, one of the best and most painstaking lawyers in Illinois. This copartnership was a high compliment to the young countryman. Here Lincoln began to take his work more seriously and carefully studied his cases, going to the root of every matter, a habit that stood him in good stead when he had the great questions of the country and of humanity to work out. While he was Logan's partner he was married. He had always been a kindly factotum and "wheel-horse" for the Whig party, letting all the official honors go elsewhere before his marriage. It took several years for the party to learn that Lincoln was to be reckoned with and that he was worthy of serious thought and recognition. This came about through Mrs. Lincoln's and the Edwards family's influence. After self-sacrificing and herculean labors in the "Log Cabin" campaign of 1840, and in '44 and '46, he was himself elected to Congress in '48, defeating the eccentric camp-meeting preacher, Peter Cartwright, who had beaten him in the race for the State Assembly sixteen years before. Those who knew the Lincolns used to say it was his little wife's ambition and confidence in her husband's great abilities that sent him to Congress and finally made him President.

He swung himself down through the ceiling

1910	JULY—AUGUST					1910
SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
31	1	2	3	4	5	6

AS A MEMBER OF CONGRESS

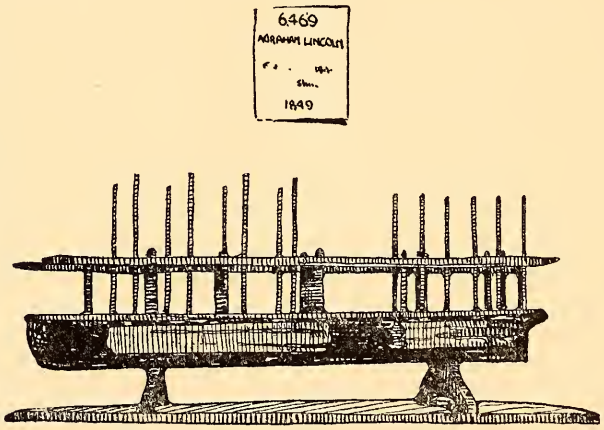
IN the Lower House of Congress Lincoln made but little impression, while Stephen A. Douglas, his greatest rival for thirty years, won high opinions in the Senate. Lincoln made some valuable acquaintances, among whom was Daniel Webster, and acquired a reputation as a story-teller and a jovial fellow to meet. He had given his first expression upon slavery about fifteen years before, in the Assembly at Vandalia, in what is known as "the Lincoln-Stone Protest," in which he and only one other member declared that "slavery is founded on injustice and bad policy." While in Congress Lincoln was greatly exercised because slaves were herded together and sold in a "negro livery stable" under the very shadow of the Capitol. He formulated and reported a bill for abolishing the traffic in human beings in the District of Columbia, but the bill never came to a vote. He also made a speech offering what came to be known as the "Spot Resolutions," because they took President Polk to task for needlessly, as he thought, precipitating the war with Mexico.

Before Lincoln returned home to stay he made a visit to New England, speaking in the interests of Zachary Taylor. He had always been a great admirer of Henry Clay, but he saw that Clay could never be elected to the presidency, so he did all he could for that staunch Southern Whig, "Old Rough and Ready," as General Taylor was called. He also visited Niagara and began to write a lecture about the falls.

About this time he perfected his invention for helping stranded steamboats over shallows in the variable Western rivers. His model, whittled out of a cigar box, is still one of the interesting sights in the Patent Office.

The service for which he was best known in Congress was a humorous speech against General Cass, referring to his own bloodless heroism in the Black Hawk War, as follows:

By the way, Mr. Speaker, did you know I am a military hero? Yes, sir; in the days of the Black Hawk War, I "fought, bled" and—came away! Speaking of General Cass's career reminds me of my own. I was not at Stillman's defeat, but I was about as near it as Cass was to Hull's surrender; and, like him, I saw the place very soon afterwards. It is quite certain I did not break my sword for I had none to break; but I *bent my musket* pretty badly on one occasion. If Cass broke his sword, the idea is he broke it in desperation. I bent my musket by accident. If General Cass went in advance of me in picking whortleberries, I guess I surpassed him in charges upon the wild onions. If he saw any live, fighting Indians, it was more than I did; but I had a good many bloody struggles with mosquitoes, and, although I never fainted from loss of blood, I can truly say I was often very hungry. Mr. Speaker, if I should ever conclude to doff whatever our Democratic friends may suppose there is of black-cockade federalism about me, and thereupon they shall take me up as their candidate for the presidency, I protest they shall not make fun of me, as they have of General Cass, by attempting to write me into a *military hero!*



His model, whittled out of a cigar box

1910 AUGUST 1910

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
7	8	9	10	11	12	13

THE DEATH OF LINCOLN'S FATHER

EING elected to Congress did not seem to make Thomas Lincoln think any better of his son's abilities or attainments. While in Washington Abraham sent "Billy" Greene, his fellow-clerk at Offutt's, to call on his father who was still living in a hovel at Goose Nest Prairie in Coles County, Illinois. The old man was still critical of his son's course in life, and said:

"I s'pose Abe's still a-foolin' hisself with eddication. I tried to stop it, but he's got that fool *idee* in his head, an' it can't be got out."

Thomas Lincoln was taken with his last illness two years after Greene's visit. Abraham, unable then to go to see his father, wrote to the family:

I sincerely hope Father may yet recover his health. Tell him to confide in our great and merciful Maker, who will not turn away from him in any extremity. He notes the fall of the sparrow, and numbers the hairs of our heads, and He will not forget the dying man who puts his trust in Him.

It deepens the pathos of this situation to remember that the son had to write this letter to his stepbrother, John Johnston, to have it read to his dying father, as the old man could not even read his own child's writing. Thomas died in 1851, at the age of 73, and, like Abraham's own mother, "never knew" his son's honor, with which he was to crown the name of their humble family.

The father had hardly departed this life when the stepbrother, brought up with the same chance and surroundings that Abe had, showed his gain in good-for-nothingness, even as Abraham was growing in grandeur. The man was really lazy; he wanted to sell out and go to Missouri, disposing of the quarter-section of land Abe had bought with his first five-hundred-dollar lawyer's fee to provide for his good stepmother in her old age. Lincoln had to write the following letter to protect her from her own son:

DEAR BROTHER: Your letter of the 22nd is just received. Your proposal about selling the east forty acres of land is all that I want or could claim for *myself*, but I am not satisfied with it on *Mother's* account. I want her to have her living, and I feel that it is my duty, to some extent, to see that she is not wronged. She had a right of dower in the other two forties, but it seems she has already let you take that, hook and line. You propose to sell the rest for three hundred dollars, take one hundred away with you, and leave her two hundred at 8 per cent., making her the *enormous* sum of sixteen dollars a year! Now, if you are satisfied with treating her in that way, I am not. . . .

Yours, etc.,

A. LINCOLN.

Not a word of boasting or of reproach because he bought and gave her the whole one hundred and sixty acres in the first place, for that would have hurt his stepmother's kind old heart!

The house in which Thomas Lincoln died

1910 **AUGUST** **1910**

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
14	15	16	17	18	19	20

LINCOLN AND HIS NEIGHBORS

ETURNING from his single term in Congress (he would not consider re-election because he believed in "giving the other boys a chance"), Lincoln thought his public career was ended for good and all. So he returned to his law practice with greater zeal than ever. Many characteristic stories are told of him in this period of his career.

The Lincolns had three living sons, Robert, William and Thomas, whom his father nicknamed "Tadpole," which was afterward shortened to "Tad." Little Eddie, another son, had died in infancy. William died in the White House, in February, 1862, and "Tad" lived six years after his father's death, until 1871, when he was eighteen years old. Robert Todd Lincoln, the eldest son, now lives in Chicago, having served his country as Secretary of War under President Garfield and as Minister to England during Benjamin Harrison's administration.

While at home it was a common thing to see indulgent Mr. Lincoln striding up the street with a boy on each shoulder and one clinging to the skirts of his long coat. One neighbor told of rushing to the street door of his own house to see what the matter was, for there was a loud outcry. Looking out he saw Mr. Lincoln passing, followed by two of his boys, both of whom were crying loudly.

"Why, Mr. Lincoln, what is the matter with them?" exclaimed the neighbor.

"Just what's the matter with the whole world," laughed Mr. Lincoln. "I've got three walnuts and each wants two."

A Springfield lady told of the following experience she had with their tall neighbor when she was a little girl in the following words (as related in Miss Tarbell's "Life of Lincoln."):

My first strong impression of Mr. Lincoln was made by one of his kind deeds. I was going with a little friend for my first trip on the railroad cars. It was an epoch of my life. I had planned for it and dreamed of it for weeks. The day I was to go came, but as the hour of the train approached, the hackman, through some neglect, failed to call for my trunk. As the minutes went on, I realized, in a panic of grief, that I should miss the train. I was standing by the gate, my hat and gloves on, sobbing as if my heart would break, when Mr. Lincoln came by.

"Why, what's the matter?" he asked, and I poured out all my story.

"How big's the trunk? There's still time, if it isn't too big," and he pushed through the gate and up to the door. My mother and I took him up to my room, where my little old-fashioned trunk stood, locked and tied.

"Oh, ho!" he cried; "wipe your eyes and come on quick." And before I knew what he was going to do, he had shouldered the trunk, was down stairs, and striding out of the yard. Down the street he went, fast as his long legs could carry him; I trotting behind, drying my tears as I went. We reached the station in time. Mr. Lincoln put me on the train, kissed me good-bye, and told me to have a good time. It was just like him.

"It was just like him"

1910 **AUGUST** 1910

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
21	22	23	24	25	26	27

STORIES OF LINCOLN WHILE "OUT ON THE CIRCUIT"

HILE Lincoln was always full of fun and appreciated wit or humor wherever he found it, he was no clown or court fool. He held the highest respect of the courts in which he practised, and won some great cases. Many are the stories told of him while on the Eighth Judicial Circuit of Illinois. One was about the meaning of the word "demonstrate." One winter he studied geometry far into the night for weeks, until he had mastered the first six books of Euclid before he was satisfied that he knew the real meaning of that word.

One day he and a certain judge were talking about horse trades. The judge said he could beat Mr. Lincoln in swapping horses. It resulted in an agreement between the two lawyers to meet next morning at nine where they were to trade under forfeit of twenty-five dollars. Lincoln came to the place at the appointed time with a sawhorse on his shoulder. The judge and a group of spectators were already there with the sorriest, flee-bitten, spavined old crowbate ever seen in those parts. It was too much for Lincoln, who took one look at the blind, bony, corrugated creature, gave a gasp, and sat down on his sawhorse to exclaim:

"Well, Judge, that's the worst I was ever beaten in a horse trade!"

Many stories are told of his kindness of heart toward the humblest of creatures—how he hunted up a bird's nest to restore little fallen fledglings to the mother bird. The story of his rescuing a pig from the mire is told with several variations. The following is chosen because it illustrates the unselfishness of Lincoln's life, and because it refers also to his friend Edward D. Baker, to whose rescue Lincoln once came down through the ceiling:

They were riding over a rough corduroy road, in an old "mud-wagon" coach, Lincoln and Baker were discussing the subject of "selfishness." Lincoln maintained that people do good from selfish motives. Crossing a shaky bridge over a slough, they looked out and espied an old razorback sow on the bank of the big mudhole making a terrible noise because her pigs had got in and were in danger of drowning in the deep puddle. Lincoln called out:

"Driver, can't you stop just a minute?"

"Yes," replied the driver, "if the other feller don't object."

The "other feller" didn't object, so Mr. Lincoln jumped out, ran back to the slough, began to lift the little pigs out of the mud and water, and place them on the bank. When he returned to the muddy stage, Colonel Baker remarked:

"Now, Lincoln, will you tell me where does selfishness come in in this little episode?"

"Why, bless your soul, Baker, that was the very essence of selfishness. I should have had no peace of mind all day if I had gone on and left that suffering old sow worrying over those pigs. I did it to get peace of mind, don't you see?"

"The worst I was ever beaten in a horse trade!"

1910 **AUGUST—SEPTEMBER** 1910

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
28	29	30	31	1	2	3

BACK IN THE POLITICAL ARENA

UT the slavery question "would not down." The passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill virtually repealed the Missouri Compromise Act, and North and South struggled for the mastery in Kansas, through much bitterness and bloodshed. The South tried to make it a slave State and the North, aided by such abolitionists on the ground as John Brown, was determined that it should be a free State, and "Bleeding Kansas" was the result.

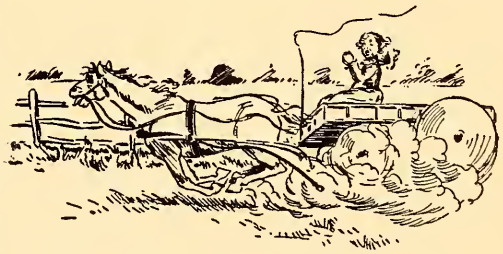
As his former rival, Senator Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois, called "The Little Giant," was responsible for the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, Lincoln found it necessary to enter the political arena again to fight against slavery. "Judge" Douglas, as he was commonly called, speaking in central Illinois, said once that he would trust in Providence for a certain slavery issue. Lincoln laughingly referred to the Judge's "trust" in a speech in reply, as follows:

> The Judge's trusting in Providence reminds me of the old woman who had been run away with by a fractious horse. She said she "trusted in Providence *till the breechin' broke*—then she *didn't know what on airth to do!*"
>
> And I guess that's the way it will be with the Judge, in this case.

Then it was that Lincoln went up and down Illinois making his famous speeches against slavery. In a masterly effort at Peoria, in 1854, he summed up the whole situation. Some of his expressions were seized upon and became the watchwords of antislavery: "Slavery is wrong and should be dealt with as wrong"; "A house divided against itself cannot stand—and this nation cannot exist half slave and half free—it must be all one or all the other." To-day these statements are self-evident truths, but when uttered they were advance signals of humanity.

Then the Bloomington Convention, in 1856, met to organize the forces of antislavery. They worked along the lines laid down in other parts of the country for the new Republican party. But there was no fire, no harmony, no solidarity, until "Lincoln! Lincoln!" was called. Rising and coming to the front, he made a speech of such electric eloquence that it, like the "Lost Chord," "linked all perplexed meanings into one perfect peace." It was said to be "the greatest speech ever made in Illinois and puts Lincoln on the track for the presidency."

This speech so entranced the reporters, as well as the audience, that the newspaper correspondents who came to make verbatim reports of it for the New York and Chicago papers forgot themselves, and no one made a note beyond the opening sentences. It came to be known as "Lincoln's Lost Speech."



"Trusted in Providence till the breechin' broke"

1910 **SEPTEMBER** **1910**

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
4	5	6	7	8	9	10

"BATTLES OF THE GIANTS"

IN a few weeks after the "Lost Speech," while Lincoln was "out on the Circuit," at Urbana, Illinois, word was brought to him that he had just received one hundred and ten votes at the Republican Convention, assembled in Philadelphia, for the vice-presidential nomination. He looked incredulous and shrugged his shoulders, saying he did not think the votes were for him. "There's another great man named Lincoln down in Massachusetts. I guess he's the man," he explained.

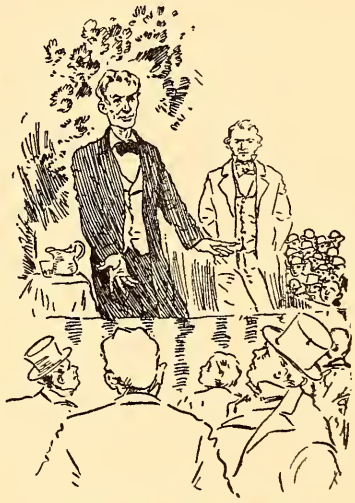
In 1858 Lincoln was nominated to represent Illinois in the Senate, in Douglas's place. He and Senator Douglas made the most memorable senatorial canvass in history. The question of slavery was discussed everywhere. Lincoln challenged Douglas to join in a series of debates, and the "Little Giant" reluctantly accepted. Seven towns, in all sections of the State, were chosen, and the dates ranged from August to October. The average attendance at these debates was estimated at ten thousand. Debate day was a holiday for each region. Thousands of people came scores of miles; many migrated from adjoining counties and States, and encamped round about the places where the debates were held. There were demonstrations in favor of each of the rival candidates, and all over Illinois there were processions, picnics, fairs, barbecues, floral parades, bands, and so on.

Senator Douglas was a skilled and polished speaker, and he was among his friends. The railroads placed special cars and even trains at his disposal. He had everything to lose and Lincoln had everything to win. Douglas began with a domineering, if not insulting, demeanor toward his almost unknown antagonist. Lincoln's best friends thought his challenging Douglas was a grand blunder. But Lincoln was deeply, thoroughly, in earnest. He told but few stories. His voice rang, high and clear, to the outer edges of the great throngs, but Douglas soon became hoarse, speaking with great difficulty, sometimes barking like a dog.

Lincoln's sincerity, logic, quick-wittedness and good nature won the day. He often parried and turned back Douglas's savage blows upon himself like a boomerang. Douglas propounded a set of questions for Lincoln to answer. Lincoln answered these and asked Douglas several questions. Among them was one which forced Douglas to interpret the Dred Scott decision. Lincoln's friends said, "If you ask that you will lose the senatorship." Lincoln replied, "Yes; but the fight of 1860 will be worth a hundred of this." Douglas walked right into Lincoln's trap. He answered "the Freeport question" to suit his hearers in Illinois, but offended the South—for the whole country, through the newspapers, was now breathlessly watching the struggle.

Douglas was elected to the Senate, though a greater popular vote was polled for Lincoln principles.

Lincoln took his defeat gracefully. He did not pretend that he was not disappointed. He said he was "like the boy that stumped his toe—hurt too bad to laugh, and too big to cry."



Lincoln answered these

1910 **SEPTEMBER** 1910

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
11	12	13	14	15	16	17

LINCOLN'S OWN LIFE-STORY

AFTER the Lincoln-Douglas debates Abraham Lincoln was known all over the country. Calls came for the wonderful speaker who had coped with Stephen A. Douglas to address mass meetings in Kansas, in Ohio, and in New England. Lincoln was invited to speak at Cooper Institute, New York City. That speech delighted the great political leaders and, with the photograph he had taken that day, convinced the country that he was not the wild Hoosier his enemies had painted him. Ever since the "Lost Speech" and his receiving the votes for the vice-presidential nomination, many Illinois men talked of him as a presidential possibility. But Lincoln himself scouted the idea as absurd. The idea of mentioning him with Seward, Chase and other leaders! It was foolish.

But after his trip to New York and New England he was convinced that it was his duty to aid the movement in his behalf in his own State. So he wrote out the following brief story of his life for a friend:

J. W. Fell, Esq., Springfield, December 20, 1859.

My Dear Sir:

Herewith is a little sketch, as you requested. There is not much of it, for the reason, I suppose, that there is not much of *me*. If anything be made of it, I wish it to be modest, and not to go beyond the material. . . .

I was born February 12, 1809, in Hardin County, Kentucky. My parents were both born in Virginia, of undistinguished families—second families, perhaps I should say. My mother, who died in my tenth year, was of a family of the name of Hanks. My paternal grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, emigrated to Kentucky about 1781 or 1782, where, a year or two later, he was killed by the Indians, not in battle, but by stealth, when he was laboring to open a farm in the forest. His ancestors, who were Quakers, went to Virginia from Berks County, Pennsylvania. . . .

My father, at the death of his father, was but six years of age, and grew up literally without education. He removed from Kentucky to what is now Spencer County, Indiana, in my eighth year. . . . There I grew up. There were some schools so called but no qualification was ever required of a teacher beyond "readin', writin' and cipherin'" to the rule of three. . . . I have not been to school since. The little advance I now have upon this store of education I have picked up from time to time under the pressure of necessity. . . .

I was raised to farm work, which I continued till I was twenty-two. At twenty-one I came to Illinois, Macon County. Then I got to New Salem, where I remained a year as a sort of clerk, in a store. Then came the Black Hawk War; and I was elected a captain of volunteers, which gave me more pleasure than any I have had since. I . . . ran for the Legislature the same year (1832) and was beaten—the only time I was ever beaten by the people. The next and three succeeding biennial elections I was elected to the Legislature. I was not a candidate afterward. During this legislative period I had studied law, and removed to Springfield to practise it. In 1846 I was elected to the lower House of Congress. Was not a candidate for re-election. From 1849 to 1854, both inclusive, practised law more assiduously than ever before. . . . I was losing interest in politics when the repeal of the Missouri Compromise aroused me again. What I have done since is pretty well known.

If any personal description is thought desirable, it may be said I am, in height, six feet four inches, nearly; lean in flesh, weighing on an average, one hundred and eighty pounds, dark complexion, with coarse black hair and gray eyes. "No other marks and brands recollected."

Yours truly,

A. Lincoln.

The Cooper Institute portrait

1910	SEPTEMBER					1910
SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
18	19	20	21	22	23	24

THE "RAIL-SPLITTER" CAMPAIGN

IT was at the Republican State convention, held at Decatur, Illinois, that John Hanks marched in with two rails he and Abe Lincoln had split thirty years before, that electrified the convention and stampeded it for the "Rail-splitter" candidate. The men of Illinois carried their "passionate enthusiasm" to the Republican National Convention, a week later, in the specially built Wigwam, at Chicago, in the middle of May, 1860.

This convention nominated Abraham Lincoln and gave over to frenzied demonstrations of joy, which caught like wild-fire. As Douglas said, there wasn't "a tar-barrel left in the whole State." The Rail-splitter campaign was one of thrilling enthusiasm. The "Wide Awakes" of '60 were organized.

A committee notified the candidate in his plain home in Springfield. Friends offered to supply liquors for refreshment on that occasion, but Lincoln said:

"No, we have never had such things in our home and I am not going to begin now."

A native of England, a Springfield neighbor of Lincoln, was astonished when he heard of the nomination, and exclaimed:

"What! *Abe Lincoln* nominated for President of the United States? A man that buys a ten-cent beefsteak for breakfast, and carries it home himself! Can it be possible?"

The opposition made no end of fun of such a candidate—"a nullity," "a third-rate country lawyer" who had succeeded only as a "rail-splitter" and in getting himself called "Honest Abe," but had been defeated for the Senate. They sneered at his "coarse, clumsy jokes," and said he did not know how to wear clothes, and often sat in his shirt sleeves. He was of no family, did not know Latin and Greek, and had never traveled. Manufacturers all over the country made him presents of hats and other articles of apparel. Mr. Lincoln laughed at these gifts and, one day, exclaimed:

"Well, wife, if nothing else comes out of this scrape, we are going to have some clothes, aren't we?"

He used to laugh over the apology of a newsboy who was selling his photograph—one taken with tousled hair, which was his best-known portrait at that time. Lincoln liked to imitate the boy's shrill, nasal treble: "Here's your old Abe! He'll look better when we gets his hair combed!"

Lincoln's chief concern seemed to be lest his home town should go against him, and was deeply grieved because so many Springfield ministers were using their influence in favor of his opponents and slavery! He said:

"These men will find they have not read their Bibles aright."

Election day fell on the 6th of November. Lincoln voted the ticket with the "President" cut off. He spent the evening in the telegraph office. He seemed gratified when he heard New York had gone for him—but expressed keener satisfaction over the vote of his own precinct. About midnight he went home and, finding his wife asleep, roused her with:

"Mary! Mary! Mary! *we're* elected!"

"He'll look better when he gets his hair combed!"

1910 **SEPTEMBER—OCTOBER** 1910

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
25	26	27	28	29	30	1

PRESIDENT-ELECT LINCOLN

(A NEW LINCOLN STORY)

ILLIAM H. HERNDON, Lincoln's partner and biographer, relates that, as Lincoln was leaving their office for the last time, his eye caught their little old rusty sign, LINCOLN & HERNDON, he said, with emotion:

> Let it hang there, Billy. Give our clients to understand that the election of a President makes no difference in the firm. . . . If I live, I'm coming back some time, and then we'll go right on practising law as if nothing had ever happened.

Lincoln had "found" Billy Herndon, a boy in his friend Speed's store. As soon as Mr. Lincoln was alone in business he took Billy into his office, to keep it when he was away, especially while "out on the circuit." Though the young man's earning capacity never amounted to much, he soon made Billy an equal partner, religiously dividing with him every fee and collection, even when Billy had "nothing to do with the case." When Lincoln had sued the Rock-Island railroad and collected his largest fee, of $5,000, Herndon told that he handed over "Billy's half" as coolly as if he were giving him a few cents to buy a newspaper.

Herndon made great use of all these chances for intimate knowledge in writing "The Life of Lincoln," which contains certain misstatements concerning his great partner. Besides "making" Herndon, and leaving him with the *prestige* of being "the President's partner," Lincoln showed him many tender kindnesses. The writer was told of one of these by another guest at the Lincoln Centennial celebration at Springfield, Illinois, last February. This story, in brief, was as follows:

Mr. Lincoln had collected a hopeless and difficult account of one thousand dollors for a Springfield merchant who was so delighted that he offered him a "big slice" as his fee.

"O no," exclaimed Lincoln, "not to-day, but some time I may need it. Then I'll come and get the 'big slice.' "

Early one morning, not long after this, Mr. Lincoln came in, out of breath, and looking a little sheepish, said: "Can you give me one hundred dollars right away?"

The client, seeing that Mr. Lincoln was in a great hurry, did not insist on his accepting proper payment, but ordered the bookkeeper to hand him one hundred dollars. Lincoln took it and strode right across to the Court House, still clutching the bills. He used it all to save three young scapegraces, who had been on a spree the night before, from going to jail for damages done in a saloon.

One of the rascals was Bill Herndon. Lincoln had often tried to get Bill to stop drinking, and had often helped him out of these scrapes. The poor fellow went from bad to worse. He hung around Springfield, after Lincoln's death, for years, a kind of drunken tramp, and died in the poorhouse.

When Mr. Lincoln became President, Bill asked for a fat office, but, of course, Lincoln could not do for him what he had done as a private citizen. Herndon retained a deep and bitter resentment against his kind-hearted friend for this. He blamed Mrs. Lincoln for the change in his partner's attitude. So, when he wrote his "Life of Lincoln," instead of guarding his foster father's good name, he invented the most malicious and despicable untruths about Lincoln's parentage, that Lincoln failed to appear at his own wedding, and innuendoes against Mrs. Lincoln. *That* was Bill Herndon's revenge. Of course, he said much in praise of Lincoln. He had to. He couldn't help it, and they made the wounds mortal.

When I think of Herndon's base ingratitude and damnable treachery, lurking beneath his pretended praise, I declare I can't help being reminded of that other Judas who betrayed *his* Master with a kiss.

1910 **OCTOBER** **1910**

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
2	3	4	5	6	7	8

AT THE HELM OF STATE

A FAMILIAR STORY CORRECTED

IMMEDIATELY after Lincoln's election, seven Southern States had called a convention and issued orders of secession, South Carolina leading, to the extent of publishing news from other States of the Union under the heading, "Foreign Intelligence." The first capital of the Confederate States of America was Montgomery, Alabama, and Jefferson Davis was elected their President. Members of Buchanan's Cabinet were doing all in their power to aid the South and destroy the National Government. President Lincoln looked on in helpless alarm. Observing Buchanan's weak and foolish admissions and inaction, he said to a friend, "Buchanan is giving the case away and I can't help it."

Almost the last thing he did was to take the journey across the country, fording swollen rivers, to visit his father's grave and say good-by to his dear old stepmother, who survived him. On February 11th, 1861, the day before his fifty-second birthday, he bade farewell to Springfield, making the following speech at the station:

"My Friends: No one not in my position can appreciate the sadness I feel at this parting. To this people I owe all that I am. Here I have lived more than a quarter of a century; here my children were born, and here one of them lies buried. I know not how soon I shall see you again. A duty devolves upon me which is, perhaps, greater than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington. He would never have succeeded except for the aid of Divine Providence, upon which he at all times relied. I feel that I cannot succeed without the same Divine aid which sustained him, and in the same Almighty Being I place my reliance for support; and I hope you, my friends, will pray that I may receive that Divine assistance, without which I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain. Again, I bid you all an affectionate farewell."

He made many speeches on his winding way to Washington. Perhaps the most important of these was that in raising a flag over Independence Hall, Philadelphia, when he said he "would rather be assassinated on this spot" than surrender the principle of union and liberty for which the fathers had given their lives.

Being informed by two groups of friends, independently of each other, that there was a well-laid plot to murder him while passing through Baltimore, he left Harrisburg and went through Baltimore in the night, arriving in Washington, to the surprise of the country, on the morning of the 23d of February.

The story so often told of the President-elect losing his valise containing his inaugural address, is wrong in several particulars. Robert, Lincoln's eldest son, did really mislay the bag, but it happened in Indianapolis, not in Harrisburg, and Mr. Lincoln did not put it in his pocket and carry it the rest of the way himself, as is always published, but as soon as the "grip sack," as he called it, was found, he turned to Robert, handed it back to him and said gently, "Now, Bob, see if you can't take better care of it."

It was in keeping with the character of Abraham Lincoln to give his son another chance; and Robert faithfully guarded his precious charge the rest of the way.

The week before his inauguration the President-elect spent in conferring with members of his prospective Cabinet. Mr. Seward, after accepting the portfolio of Secretary of State, tried to withdraw, but Mr. Lincoln urged him to retain it.

When President Buchanan escorted Mr. Lincoln to the Capitol to take the oath of office, the old President was bowed nearly double with age. This made Lincoln seem a giant in stature beside him. He was introduced by his old friend Baker, to whose aid he had come down through the ceiling many years before, and who was now Senator from Oregon. Lincoln's "ancient enemy," Stephen A. Douglas, held his hat while he was delivering his inaugural, which was offered to the South as an olive branch and was received like a firebrand. It closed with the following conciliatory message:

"I am loath to close. We are not enemies but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

Delivering the Inaugural

1910 **OCTOBER** **1910**

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
9	10	11	12	13	14	15

"THE WAR HAS ACTUALLY BEGUN"

EFORE Lincoln's Cabinet had begun to understand that he was greater than any of them, Fort Sumter was fired on and its brave little garrison was forced to surrender, April 14th, 1861. This act roused the North to action. When the President called for seventy-five thousand men the response was prompt. Five days later, April 19th, the Sixth Regiment was mobbed and the first blood of the Civil War was shed in the streets of Baltimore. Leading men came from Baltimore to protest against troops crossing Maryland soil on their way to the national Capital. President Lincoln replied with one of his first characteristic speeches as President:

"We *must* have troops; and as they can neither crawl under Maryland, nor fly over it, they must *come across* it."

Washington was in danger of attack any day and rumors were rife. Many people fled from the city and Mrs. Lincoln was urged to seek safety with her three boys. She stoutly replied:

"I am as safe as Mr. Lincoln, and I shall not leave him."

The first battles were defeats for the North. The battle of Bull Run, so near the Capital, was a crushing blow and a great discouragement. President Lincoln had to call again and again for troops.

Two Confederate commissioners, Mason and Slidell, were on their way to England on the English steamship "Trent," when Captain Wilkes captured them. The country was delirious with joy over this bold stroke, and members of the President's Cabinet even opposed returning the commissioners. But Lincoln saw that a vital principle was involved, for which the United States had gone into the War of 1812 with England. Lowell explained the case when he made his Hosea Biglow say:

"We give the critters back, John,
'Cause Abra'm thought 'twas right;
It warn't your bullyin' clack, John,
Provokin' us to fight."

While his Cabinet members were insulting him by patronizing him, the newspapers, even of his own party, including the "New York Tribune," were ridiculing him. Wendell Phillips and other abolitionists were sneering at him, and battle after battle was going against him. The South was calling him an ogre, a mulatto and a fiend incarnate. President Lincoln's faith and patience were put to a painful test. Besides, he had to dispose of his Secretary of War, Simon Cameron, for conduct which was certainly open to question. He believed Edwin M. Stanton was the best man for the responsible place, though Stanton had always grossly abused him. The other members of the Cabinet demurred, for Stanton was a very opinionated, disagreeable man, but the President, in the grandeur of his character, forgave and forgot Stanton's insults and allowed for his peculiar temperament as in the following story:

"We may have to treat Stanton," the President went on, "as they are sometimes obliged to treat a minister I know out West. He gets wrought up to so high a pitch of excitement in his prayers and exhortations that they have to put bricks into his pockets to keep him down. We may have to serve Stanton the same way, but I guess we'll let him jump awhile first."

Mrs. Mary Todd Lincoln

1910 **OCTOBER** 1910

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

MANY SORROWS IN THE WHITE HOUSE

AS far as possible to a President in time of war, Lincoln lived the simple life in the White House which was, for four years, a kind of grand army headquarters. Many are the stories told of mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts who found easy access to the President, and left his benignant and sympathetic presence, smiling through their tears, clutching precious little papers that were to give life or liberty to their loved ones. If men deserted, it was their "cowardly legs" that "ran away with them." Lincoln called his collection of desertions his "leg cases." All this seemed like trifling to the official martinets who had to preserve discipline in the army. One old man, begging the life of his son who was really a "bummer," and deserved shooting, if ever a deserter should have been shot, received from the President this telegram: "Job Smith is not to be shot until further orders from me." The old man was disappointed. The penalty seemed to be only postponed. Lincoln laid his hand tenderly on the aged father's trembling shoulder and said: "Well, my old friend, I see you are not very well acquainted with me; if your son never looks on death till further orders come from me to shoot him he will live to be a great deal older than Methuselah."

Nothing seemed to please President Lincoln more than a joke at the expense of some pompous officer's dignity or vanity, unless, perhaps, a good story of the grim humor of the soldiers in the midst of danger and death. A congressman, one day, took it upon himself to ask the President how he could joke and be "reminded of a story" in the midst of so many cares, anxieties and sorrows. Lincoln replied, in deep fervor:

"You cannot be more anxious than I am; but I tell you now that if it were not for this vent I should die."

At this very time disaster was following on the heels of disaster. The President's secretaries told, afterwards, of the ashy pallor that overspread his kind face when the news of Bull Run, Fredericksburg, and Chancellorsville came over the wire, and how he wrung his hands in despair, crying out, at different times, from his almost broken heart: "What will the Country say! O, what will the Country say!" "Will this terrible war never end?" "I can't bear any more and live!" "If there's a man out of hell that suffers more than I do, I pity him!"

In his own home a great grief came upon him. Willie, his darling companion, about twelve years old, was ill and taken alarmingly worse during a grand White House reception which the doctor had advised Mrs. Lincoln to go on and give, saying the boy's condition was not even critical. Willie died two or three days afterward, in February, 1862. In addition to national disasters, sneering editors and orators, and this private sorrow, the President feared that his bright little wife would lose her reason. Her girlish ambition to be mistress of the White House had been fulfilled as not one woman in a million has her child-dreams come true, but Mrs. Lincoln's devoted soul was "pierced through with many sorrows." A faithful nurse thus describes the father's emotion at the time of Willie's death:

> Mr. Lincoln came in. I never saw a man so bowed down with grief. . . . Great sobs choked him. He bowed his head in his hands, and his tall frame was convulsed with emotion. I stood at the foot of the bed, my eyes full of tears, looking at the man in silent, awestricken wonder. His grief unnerved him and made him a weak, passive child. I did not dream that his rugged nature could be so moved; I shall never forget those solemn moments.

Willie Lincoln

1910	OCTOBER					1910
SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

"WE'VE GOT TO SAVE THE UNION"

THAT night I footed it up to the Soldiers' Home, where Mr. Lincoln was livin' then, right among the sick soldiers in their tents. There was lots of people settin' around in a little room, waitin' fer him. There wan't anybody there I knowed and I was feelin' a little funny when a door opened and out come little John Nicolay. Well, John didn't seem over glad to see me. 'Have you an appointment with Mr. Lincoln?' he says. 'No, sir,' I says; 'I ain't, and it ain't necessary. . . . Tell him Billy Brown's here and see what he says.' In about two minutes the door popped open and out come Mr. Lincoln, his face all lit up. He saw me first thing, and he laid hold of me, and just shook my hands fit to kill. 'Billy,' he says, 'now I am glad to see you. Come right in. You're goin' to stay to supper with Mary an' me.' He had a right smart of people to see, but as soon as he got through we went out on the back stoop and set down and talked and talked. He asked me about pretty nigh everybody in Springfield. I just let loose and told him about the weddin's and births and the funerals, and the buildin', and I guess there wan't a yarn I'd heard in the three years and a half he had been away that I didn't spin fer him. Laugh—you ought to ha' heard him laugh—just did my heart good, fer I could see what they'd been doin' to him. Always a thin man, but Lordy, he was thinner'n ever now, and his face was kind o' drawn and gray—enough to make you cry. Well, we had supper and then talked some more, and about ten o'clock I started down town. Wanted me to stay all night, but I said, 'Nope Mr. Lincoln, can't; goin' back to Springfield to-morrow.' 'Billy,' he says, 'what did you come down here for?' 'I come to see you, Mr. Lincoln.' 'But you ain't asked me for anything, Billy. What is it? Out with it. Want a post office?' 'No, Mr. Lincoln, just wanted to see you—felt kind o' lonesome—been so long since I'd seen you.' Well, sir, you ought to seen his face as he looked at me. 'Billy Brown,' he says, slow-like, 'do you mean to tell me you come all the way from Springfield, Illinois, just to have a visit with me?' 'Yes, sir,' says I, 'that's about it, and I'll be durned if I wouldn't go to Europe to see you, if I couldn't do it no other way, Mr. Lincoln.' Well, sir, I never was so astonished in my life. He just grabbed my hand and shook it nearly off, and the tears just poured down his face, and he says: 'Billy, you never'll know what good you've done me. I'm homesick, Billy, just plumb homesick, and it seems as if this war would never be over. Many a night I can see the boys a-dyin' on the fields and can hear their mothers cryin' for 'em at home, and I can't help 'em, Billy. I have to send them down there. We've got to save the Union, Billy, we've got to.'"

From "He Knew Lincoln," by Ida M. Tarbell.

"We set down and talked and talked"

1910 **OCTOBER—NOVEMBER** **1910**

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
30	31	1	2	3	4	5

THE QUAKER AND THE DRAFT

WHEN the draft was made my name was one that was drawn along with those of several other young Friends (Quakers), two others in our little meeting. It created a good deal of excitement among us. The two others paid their three hundred dollars each, but I felt it right to do nothing, feeling that I could not go myself nor give money to hire others to go. The proper military officer came out and notified me that I would be expected to report in the military camp at Lafayette, Indiana, for training, on a certain day. I told him that I could not conscientiously be there, that as I could not fight it would not do any good for me to report. Then he demanded the three hundred dollars. To this I replied:

"If I believed that war is right I would prefer to go myself than to hire some one else to be shot in my place."

He told me I would either have to come or pay the three hundred dollars, or he would be forced to sell my property. As I was firm in my decision . . . he went out and looked over the farm, selected the stock that he proposed to sell and then sat down and commenced writing bills for the public sale of our horses, cattle and hogs. While he was writing, dinner was ready, and when we sat down to the table we insisted on his eating with us. We tried to keep up a pleasant conversation on various subjects, making no reference to the work he was engaged in. After dinner he turned to me and said:

"If you would get mad and order me out of the house, I could do this work much easier, but here you are, feeding me and my horse while I am arranging to take your property from you. I tell you it's hard work."

We told him we had no unkind feelings toward him as we supposed he was only obeying the orders of those who were superior to him. I went out again to my work and, when he had prepared the sale bills, he placed one on a large tree by the roadside in front of the house, and then rode around and placed the others in different places in the neighborhood.

A few days before the time had arrived for the sale I was at Lafayette. The officer came to me and said:

"The sale is postponed. I don't know when it will be. You can go on using your horses."

I heard nothing more about it for several years. After the War closed I learned that Governor Morton, who was in Washington about that time, spoke to President Lincoln about it, and he ordered the sale to be stopped.

From the Autobiography of Allen Jay, by permission of The John C. Winston Company, publishers, also, of Wayne Whipple's "Story-Life of Lincoln."

1910 **NOVEMBER** **1910**

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
6	7	8	9	10	11	12

LINCOLN AND HIS GENERALS

PRESIDENT LINCOLN spent nearly three years of the war searching for a general who was better able to manage the military campaigns than himself. After the first battle of Bull Run he appointed McClellan to the chief command. McClellan was a great military engineer and tactician, but was wanting in aggressiveness. Lincoln treated this general with the utmost patience and even long-suffering, for McClellan began to look upon himself as the savior of the country, and the President and his Cabinet as "geese"—one of his names for them! McClellan never appreciated the true greatness of Abraham Lincoln, nor, of course, what a pigmy he was himself, in comparison with the chief he took upon himself to slight and snub. Lincoln treated McClellan's insults with large-minded charity, saying: "I will hold McClellan's horse if he will win us a battle."

In spite of the clamor on the part of the country the President patiently waited for McClellan to do something, then reluctantly removed him and appointed General Burnside, who did but little if any better. Then Halleck, Hooker and Meade failed. Battle after battle was lost until the war reached its "high water mark" at Gettysburg. To the great grief of the President, Lee was allowed to escape back into Virginia. During the bickering and temporizing of the generals in the East, Grant was winning victories in the West. He had earned the name, associating his initials with one of his *ultimatums,* of "Unconditional Surrender" Grant. While Gettysburg, so well planned and heroically fought, became only a drawn battle, Grant was winning an unmistakable victory at Vicksburg and received the surrender of Pemberton's army.

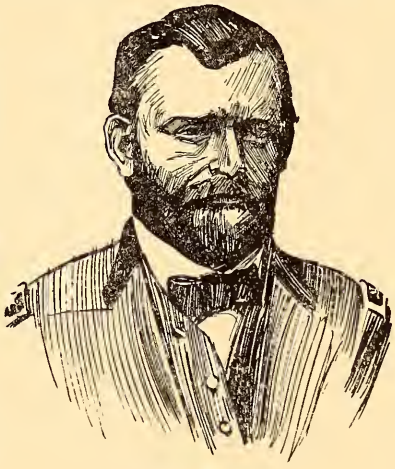
In March, 1864, Grant was made commander of the armies, and the brilliant deeds of Sherman and Sheridan were added to the bright pages of the history of the war. At last, the North had generals able to cope with such brave and chivalrous leaders as Generals Robert E. Lee and "Stonewall" Jackson.

There were petty jealousies, and self-appointed commissions called upon the President in vain attempts to secure the removal of General Grant. One band of malcontents complained that Grant drank whisky. "Find out what brand," retorted Lincoln, "and I'll send a barrel of it to each of my other generals." "No," said the President, "I can't spare Grant. *He fights.''* Lincoln had sublime confidence in Grant. He said he could sleep nights after Grant took command; if anything should or could be done, Grant would do it, he said.

When the presidential campaign of 1864 came round, President Lincoln was naturally anxious to "finish this big job." McClellan was nominated by the Democrats to run against him. Stanton—loyal, trusty, ugly, disagreeable Stanton—discharged an officer for appearing at a McClellan mass meeting. Lincoln reinstated the man, saying he had a perfect right to vote against himself if he so wished. He said, "I'm the longest, but McClellan's better looking."

There was great thanksgiving throughout the North after Lincoln's almost unanimous election, and throughout that winter the war was manifestly drawing to a close. The second Inaugural was of a very different tenor from the first. The burden of the first was to appease the South, and, if possible, avert a war. The second was to reconcile the North and arrange for a charitable and peaceable adjustment of many difficulties brought about by the war. The second Inaugural closed with the following noble sentiments:

> With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.



Gen. U. S. Grant

1910 **NOVEMBER** 1910

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
13	14	15	16	17	18	19

A NEW STORY OF LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

YDIA," said good old Jacob of Ephrata, "let's go over to Gettysburg and hear Mr. Everett at the dedication of the battle-ground for a cemetery, day after to-morrow. We'll go to-morrow so as to be there bright and early the next day, in time to get a good place to see and hear all that's going on."

It was a long drive from Ephrata to Gettysburg, but to hear Edward Everett's oration would be the privilege of a lifetime. Early in the morning of the 19th of November, 1863, Jacob and Lydia took their places near the front of the special platform erected on the great battle-field.

There was a long, wearying delay. The sun shone unusually warm for November. At last the little procession arrived. President Lincoln was there with an escort from Washington, for he had been invited, as a matter of form, to make a few perfunctory remarks at the close of the exercises. Edward Everett, for whose convenience the date had been postponed about a month, did not arrive on the field until after the hour set for him to begin his address. There were diplomats and other dignitaries. Jacob pointed out Secretary Seward, who, he thought, should have been made President instead of Mr. Lincoln.

Lydia felt as if she could not stand there much longer, though the crowd was so dense she could not fall. Everything began to turn black, and she grew dizzy and weak; she felt herself going—sinking! There was confusion, crowding, and a man called out:

"A woman has fainted!"

In all their official foresight no provision had been made for a fainting woman. The crowd pressed tighter. She heard a voice out of the vague spaces above the chaos around her, commanding:

"Here, hand that woman to me."

Lydia felt strong yet gentle hands lifting her, it seemed, out of all her troubles—then she lost herself.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

When she came to herself again she was sitting on that high platform in Mr. Lincoln's easy chair with thousands of eyes upon her, and who should be sitting by, fanning her tenderly, but the President of the United States! All this was more than modest Lydia could bear. She gasped, hoarsely:

"I—feel—better now. I want—to go—back."

"O, no, madam," said Mr. Lincoln cheerily, "you stay right where you are. It was hard enough to pull you out of there, and we couldn't stick you back into that crowd again."

So this is why, in some old pictures of Abraham Lincoln delivering his immortal address at Gettysburg, a little, shrinking old lady in plain garb—not Lucretia Mott, but humble Lydia of Ephrata—is shown sitting near him. During that long two hours, while Everett was delivering his brilliant and scholarly oration, poor Lydia could not forget her embarrassing position. But she forgot herself and everything save the speaker and his wonderful words when her gallant attendant began his brief address.

On their way home next day, Jacob, after a long silence, remarked:

"Mr. Everett's oration was grand, wasn't it? But, do you know, Lydia, that little speech of 'Father Abraham's' was the best of all; yes, I think it was the best *we* ever heard."

Written from the account given by Lydia herself to Dr. Joseph S. Walton, George School, Pennsylvania.

1910 **NOVEMBER** **1910**

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

LINCOLN, STANTON, AND THE "BOYS IN BLUE"

IT seems strange now that Stanton, of all men, was among the very first to appreciate the simple grandeur of the Gettysburg Address—Stanton, rude, sneering, caustic, contemptuous, obstinate Stanton—who took pleasure in insulting Lincoln when they first met, eight years earlier, in the great McCormick reaper case; Stanton, who had always called Lincoln a gorilla, an imbecile and a fool—with many profane expletives! Mind could never have conquered the obdurate soul of Secretary Stanton. It was Lincoln's heart alone that wrought this greatest miracle of his life. In spite of Stanton's atrocious treatment of him, President Lincoln recognized the sterling worth and patriotism of his snarling enemy, and said that he was glad to bear Stanton's wrath for the good he could do the nation. People, at home and abroad, freely criticised the President for allowing his Secretary of War to oppose and stultify him in so many trivial ways. But, little by little, as a trainer breaks in a fractious horse, Lincoln tightened the curb, until one day, in utter kindness, yet with adamantine firmness, the President came to say, "Mr. Secretary, it will *have* to be done." And it was done.

After that last Cabinet meeting on the fatal fourteenth of April (Good Friday), 1865, Stanton remarked, in his devoted pride, to the Attorney-General, *"Didn't* our chief look grand to-day!" . . .

Lincoln appreciated the Southern leaders, and had all charity and tenderness for the South. Once, seeing a photograph of General Robert E. Lee, he looked at it long and tenderly, saying, "It is the face of a noble, noble, brave man." At another time he was heard to say of General "Stonewall" Jackson, before his own discovery of Grant:

"He is a brave, Presbyterian soldier. If we, in the North, had such generals, this war would not drag along so."

* * * * * * * * * * *

A large part of the patriotism of the soldiers was their love for Abraham Lincoln. He seemed to be the personification of their country, threatened and wronged. He meant more to the people than "Uncle Sam"—*he* was "Father Abraham!" When President Lincoln reluctantly issued call after call for soldiers, and more and more soldiers, the people seemed never to tire of responding:

"We are coming, Father Abraham,
Three hundred thousand more."

The soldiers said among themselves: "He cares for us! he loves us!" and they cheerfully, gladly, even humorously—to be like *him*—marched into the jaws of death for his dear sake. It was far different from the love Napoleon inspired in his troopers, for their loyalty flagged and finally failed. It was Napoleon's selfish heartlessness that made him a colossal failure. It was Lincoln's self-giving heart which crowned his life with immortal success. From early boyhood he had lived his life, a burning and shining illustration of his own words:

"With malice toward none; with charity for all."

Secretary Stanton

1910 NOVEMBER—DECEMBER 1910

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
27	28	29	30	1	2	3

LINCOLN AND LITTLE TAD

R. LINCOLN seldom spoke of Willie. Robert was away at Harvard College, and later at the front, as one of General Grant's *aides*. Thus the President's wealth of love was lavished on Tad, "the pet of the nation." The boy was passionately affectionate—his father's inseparable companion. A word from Mr. Lincoln would make him laugh gleefully or melt him to tears. In the solemn Cabinet meetings he played about, sometimes falling asleep on the floor or in his father's lap. He accompanied the President to Fortress Monroe, and clung to his father's hand when Lincoln strode through the streets of Richmond. While the President was making his last speech, from the northern portico of the White House, little Tad stood by, catching the leaves of his father's manuscript as they floated down to him. When they came too slowly to suit the boy, he demanded, in a piping voice:

"Papa-day, give me another paper." (Tad's pet name for his father was "Papa-day.") The little fellow had a nasal impediment which affected his speech so that strangers could not well understand him. But the father understood his afflicted boy—yes, every word! No matter who was in conference with the President, nor what grave matters might be under discussion, whether with Seward, Stanton or Sumner—if little Tad spoke, his father's face bent tenderly over him. Senators and secretaries were often annoyed by Tad's interruptions. All these things combined to intensify Lincoln's yearning devotion to little Tad. This passionate tenderness was more than mere doting indulgence.

As for the boy himself, he did not care for any other playmate. One of Lincoln's life-guard has recorded the statement that the only times President Lincoln ever seemed genuinely happy were while they were romping through the stately old rooms of the Executive Mansion together, both whooping like wild Indians, playing horse or father carrying boy pickaback, or holding him high on his shoulders where Mr. Lincoln had always been in the habit of carrying the little boys, when Willie was playing too—Willie on one shoulder and Tad on the other. At such times Tad's small cup of joy was brimful, and he could give no better expression to it than by chuckling and shouting: "O Papa-day!—Papa-day!"

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Where Tad had been the night of Lincoln's assassination no one knew exactly, but Thomas Pendel, the faithful old doorkeeper at the White House, relates that the little boy came in at the basement door very late, and clambered up the lower stairway with heartbroken cries of:

"Tom Pen! Tom Pen! They've killed Papa-day! They've killed Papa-day!"

* * * * * * * * * *

They brought Mrs. Lincoln home in a state of collapse. The only wonder is that the horrible scene of which she had been a witness did not then and there dethrone her reason. During the gusts of grief to which she gave way, in spite of herself, little Tad would look up at her in terror and cry out: "Don't cry so, Mamma, or you will break my heart!"

Then the horror-stricken mother would clasp the child in a passionate embrace, and cover his little upturned face with kisses and tears, summoning all the resolution of which she was capable, for the sake of her little boy. Between the two—his little mother and his little brother—poor Robert Lincoln had need of all the manly tenderness of his nature—"so like his father's," they all said.

The terrific strain was too great for the desolate little woman who had been widowed by hideous cruelty, and she lay for many weeks, utterly prostrated, unable to go to the burial of her husband and Willie.

Little Tad Lincoln

1910 **DECEMBER** **1910**

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
4	5	6	7	8	9	10

THE GRANDEST GRIEF OF HISTORY

FTER Lincoln was gone a compartment in a private cabinet was found crammed with threats of assassination. He never referred to these except to say that there was no use in taking precautions or being afraid.

"If they want to kill me," he remarked, "they'll do it somehow."

He lived constantly in the spirit which breathed out its love for all mankind on that first Good Friday, long ago, saying:

"Forgive them, they know not what they do."

Wednesday, April 19th, was the day set for the funeral. It was the fourth anniversary of the first bloodshed of the Civil War, at Baltimore.

"It was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth,"

for, while the simple services were being held in the White House and Lincoln's body lay in state under the majestic dome of the Capitol at Washington, it is estimated that more than twenty-five millions of people in the United States and Canada, and all over the civilized world, gathered in their places and

"Wept with the passion of an angry grief"

over the noblest martyrdom of humanity.

On Friday, April 21st, the funeral train started from the capital on that long, sad journey of two thousand miles, to Springfield, Illinois, reversing the route which Lincoln, as President-elect, had traversed on his triumphal way to Washington. In the cities where he had stopped to speak, his body was laid in state, and many thousands passed by "in silence and in tears." Across the open country the people stood with bared heads, even in the rain, while the solemn procession swept by. Watch-fires blazed at night along the route, and everything was done to express the bitter sorrow of his people, loving and beloved.

William Cullen Bryant, who had been one of the first newspaper men to champion the cause of the "Rail-splitter" candidate amid the sneers and snobbery of the unfriendly press, with a strong editorial on Lincoln, "A Real Representative Man," now wrote the following funeral ode for the services in New York City:

"O, slow to smite and swift to spare,
Gentle and merciful and just!
Who in the fear of God didst bear
The sword of power, a nation's trust.

"In sorrow by thy bier we stand,
Amid the awe that husheth all,
And speak the anguish of a land
That shook with horror at thy fall.

"Thy task is done, the bonds are free;
We bear thee to an honored grave,
Whose proudest monument shall be
The broken fetters of the slave.

"Pure was thy life; its bloody close
Has placed thee with the Sons of Light
Among the noble hearts of those
Who perished in the cause of Right."

1910 **DECEMBER** 1910

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
11	12	13	14	15	16	17

Executive Mansion
Washington, Nov 21. 1864

To Mrs Bixby, Boston, Mass,

Dear Madam.

I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle I feel how weak and fruitless must be any word of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom

Yours very sincerely and respectfully
A. Lincoln

The above letter is hanging on the wall of Oxford University, England, as a model of pure and exquisite English. After receiving this letter, three of Mrs. Bixby's sons, reported killed in battle, came home to her alive and well! There had been confusion in the records so all Mrs. Bixby's five sons were reported dead. This great joy was almost too much for that poor mother's heart.

1910 **DECEMBER** 1910

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
18	19	20	21	22	23	24

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Richard Henry Stoddard

THIS man, whose homely face you look upon,
Was one of Nature's masterful, great men;
Born with strong arms, that unfought battles won,
Direct of speech, and cunning with the pen.
Chosen for large designs he had the art
Of winning with his humor, and he went
Straight to his mark which was the human heart!
Wise, too, for what he could not break he bent.
Upon his back a more than Atlas-load,
The burden of the Commonwealth, was laid;
He stooped and rose up to it, though the road
Shot suddenly downwards, not a whit dismayed.
Hold, warriors, councillors, kings! All now give place
To this dead Benefactor of the race!

1910 **DECEMBER** 1910

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

71.2009.084.08538